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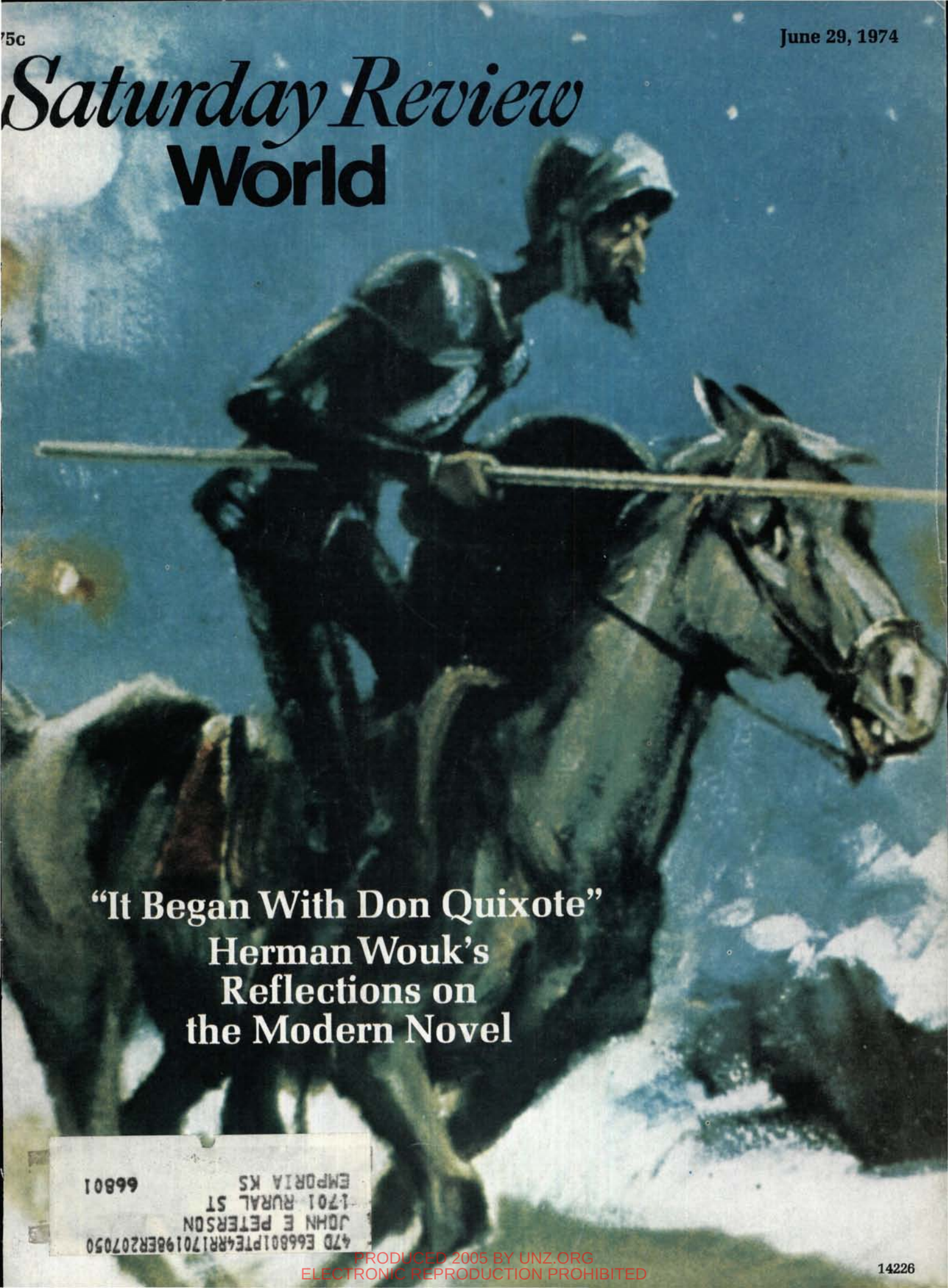
June 29, 1974

Saturday Review World



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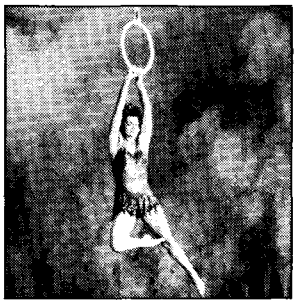

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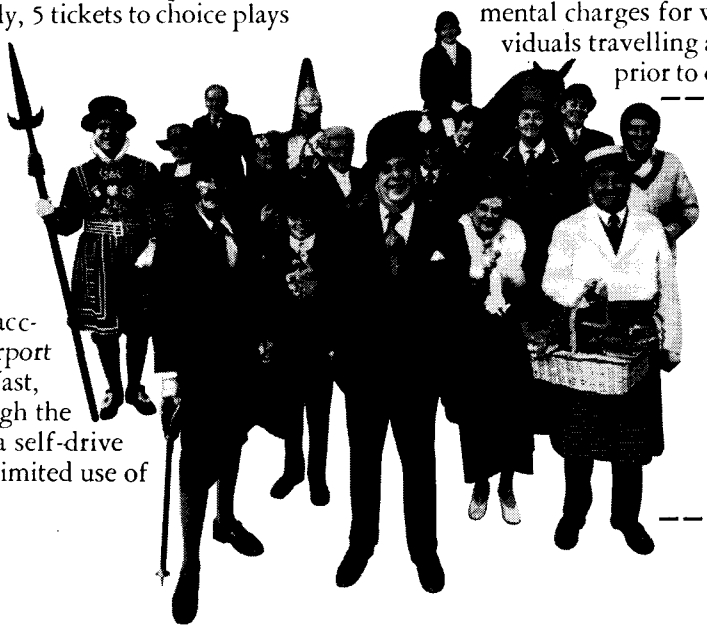

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In Defense of Father Citro

Joseph Citro is a 25-year-old priest from Irvington, N.J., who is in trouble because he had nice things to say about Angela Atwood, one of six Symbionese Liberation Army members who recently were killed or burned to death in a shootout with 400 officers of the law in Los Angeles.

Father Citro and Angela grew up in the same New Jersey neighborhood. He had come to know her as a caring and loving human being who was sensitive to injustice in all its forms. He himself had been affected by the same evidence of human suffering and social injustice. The evidence led him in one direction, Angela in another. At the funeral mass he celebrated for Angela, he said he abhorred the direction Angela had taken but he recognized that her spiritual motivation was no less deep than his own. What she believed and how she followed her beliefs led to her death. This had happened, he said, to Jesus.

Incredulity and rage figured in the public response to Father Citro's eulogy. How dare he compare Angela Atwood to Jesus Christ?

Father Citro was making no comparison. Neither was he engaged in exculpation. He was trying to understand—and to help those who were close to Angela Atwood to understand—how so sensitive and lovely a human being could become involved in terrorism. Father Citro was confronted with a perennially anguishing theme in the human drama: the possibility that the thinnest of all membranes separates good from evil. Man, said Pascal, is neither angel nor brute but he who would act the angel sometimes becomes the brute.

Nothing is easier than to denounce the evildoer; nothing is more difficult than to understand him. So wrote Dostoevski out of his preoccupation with the incestuous relationship between good and evil. William James pondered the same phenomenon and concluded that different persons have different thresholds of crossover from good to evil; no one can anticipate the circumstances under which his own crossover might occur.

THE AMERICAN COMMUNITY can have a decent respect for the anguish of the father of Angela Atwood, or the parents of Patricia Hearst, or the parents of any child caught up in confrontation with established institutions, including the law. It is unspeakably cruel to tell these parents to cancel out their cherished memories. Warm memories can sustain life. Father Citro is not to be flayed for ministering to these memories or for reminding people that there was nothing innately wicked about Angela. He gave spiritual nourishment to relatives who refused to turn their backs on a child, no matter how stark the apparent evidence of wrongdoing.

The outside world may be startled by Father Citro's eulogy, but those who came to the funeral mass to do honor to Angela Atwood's memory responded to truth as they had known it. They were shocked, not by the reminders of her goodness, but by the savage tragedy that consumed her.

Many thousands of well-educated, compassionate young people have advanced by large or small steps into dangerous political and social terrain. Sensitivity to inequalities, as Father Citro pointed out, is readily connected to the compulsion to set things right. And militant movements have a tendency, in their early stages, to stretch beyond the known extremes. Even communism of the type associated with the Soviet Union is considered by many young people today to be too tepid, too establishmentarian. Hence the appeal of Maoist and guerrilla movements that are uncompromising and offer a seemingly direct and rapid pathway to total change. And those individuals within the movements who don't embrace the rapid escalation of terror are regarded as weaklings or heretics.

The solution to the tragedy of the Patty Hearsts and the Angela Atwoods is not more shootouts or fires or even a final roundup that can put them all away, either above or below ground. Father Citro is right when he says that what these youngsters need most of all is a sense that the people they love have an urgent awareness that poverty and wretchedness are not the natural conditions of life, that children were not born to die in youth or to be cut off from their capacity for creative growth, and that the search for social progress need not be indefinitely deferred.

It is now almost 40 years since Walter Lippmann's book *The Good Society* was published. In it Lippmann pondered the ability of democratic institutions to grow and respond to the complexities and upheavals of the modern world. In the past half-century, more social and political change has come about than had been experienced in the previous 500 years. And the most important lesson to be learned from this period is that there is nothing in the nature of a free society that prevents it from rising to all its challenges. Answers take shape out of values. The extent of our commitments to these values, and the urgency we attach to them, will govern the final result. Freedom works best, not when it pursues easy goals, but when it seeks out ever more difficult ones. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Reserved on Reserves

Norman Macrae is probably right in predicting an energy glut by the end of the decade ("The Coming Energy Glut," April 20). The surplus will be almost entirely one of oil, gas, and coal, because the technologies associated with the production and use of the fossil fuels are already well entrenched: it is primarily a question of more. The glut will just as probably be followed by another shortage as people become profligate again. The net effect will be to exhaust our reserves even sooner than otherwise. . . .

John S. Coggeshall
Philadelphia, Pa.

Norman Macrae seems to believe that since science has discovered various methods of birth control, humans all over the planet will soon adopt these methods and thereby bring the increasing populations of man to a state of stability. . . . The great masses of people . . . know nothing about birth-control methods, and it will take many years for them to become aware of them. Those who do know, for various reasons do not accept them. . . . "Famine 1975" is present with most people of the world now, and the price of food is skyrocketing.

Macrae does not seem to realize how modern agriculture has become tied to petroleum. . . . Food crops, especially the all-important grains, will not grow without nitrogen fertilizer, and its production depends on petroleum. Where do we go from here? Those of us who understand the interlocking ecosystems that make our planet livable visualize a very dim future for our species. . . .

Prof. Fran Trembley
Lehigh University
Bethlehem, Pa.

Membership Recalled

The Sierra Club—which, as *SR/W* noted (*World Environment Newsletter,* April 6), has been a member of the National Advisory Committee of Keep America Beautiful (KAB)—has been urging that organization to support federal legislation similar to the highly successful Oregon "bottle bill." We think it important to enact such legislation now, not only because of the reduction in litter that will result but also because the energy equivalent of about 130,000 barrels of oil per day can be saved.

Our efforts have met with no success. We have concluded that KAB has higher priorities than energy conservation and effective means for reducing litter. We also conclude that KAB has no interest in obtaining advice from members of its National Advisory Council, when that advice conflicts with the interests of those who profit from maximizing the manufacture of beverage containers. Accordingly, we have resigned from the KAB council.

Laurence I. Moss
President, Sierra Club
Arlington, Va.

White House Report Card

Long ago I resolved not to make public complaints about reviews; nor do I plan to abandon that resolution now. But I would like to express some . . . curiosity about what seems to me a perverse and unfair misreading of my recent book, *The Imperial Presidency* (*Books,* April 6).

Let me mention one sentence in particular: "He does not apply to Roosevelt's acts the tests by which he judges Truman, Lyndon Johnson, and Nixon guilty of the illegitimate use of emergency powers." Actually, a main theme of the book was an effort to trace the origin and development of the idea of emergency prerogative and to define criteria by which to distinguish its legitimate from its illegitimate use. Such criteria were proposed on page 323. These criteria distinguish what Lincoln and Roosevelt did, in crises when the "life of the nation" could reasonably be supposed to have been at stake, from what Truman, Johnson, and Nixon did when no one could have argued that the life of the nation was involved. Jeane Kirkpatrick may disagree with the criteria, in which case she should have said as much and explained why. It is hardly honest to suggest that the book did not make clear what the author's tests were.

(Continued on page 32.)

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World Progress Report

Haute Cuisine

On menus in Mexico City, as in cosmopolitan centers around the world, the hindquarters of the common bullfrog are listed as a premium-priced delicacy. But to the Mexican government, increasingly hard put to provide adequate protein for its fast-growing population, frog meat represents a potential supplement to more plebeian diets. The Ministry of Water Resources is hatching a plan to transform the country's lakes, irrigation canals, and other waterholes into frog farms for the delectation of rural populations.

"Frogs are delicious," insists Alfredo Ortiz, who is in charge of the program. Without specifying the source of his information, he testifies that "they taste somewhere between chicken and fish." At least equally important is the fact that frog meat is higher in protein and lower in fat than either of its more popular taste-alikes.

Beginning with 1,000 breeding pairs of U.S. bullfrogs—selected for their adult weight of three pounds—the initial experiment has quickly expanded to half a million tadpoles seeded in waterways around the country. The female bullfrog can produce as many as 18,000 eggs at a time, and under hatchery conditions most will make it to the tadpole stage, ready for release at the age of 14 months. Four years later, they will be ready for the dinner table—if an appetite for frog flesh can be stimulated by the government. According to Mr. Ortiz, the body of the frog is even tastier than the legs, but its many tiny bones make it better for soups than for steaks. "Of course," admits Mr. Ortiz, "we'll first have to convince the peasant that the frog is good food."

Eventually, he hopes to popularize the delicacy throughout the country. "Then the peasants will have ample supplies of free protein with which to supplement their diets of corn and beans." But in the meantime, entrepreneurs in northwestern Mexico last year exported 2,000 tons of frog meat, all hind legs, to satisfy the craving of gourmets in Southern California.

Weather Report

Ill winds around the world in recent months and years seem to be blowing man no good, bringing killing droughts to many parts of the globe and deadly floods to others. As concern mounts that man may be at the mercy of malevolent natural forces beyond his control, scientists from some 70 nations are embarked on an investigation of the tropical mainspring of all weather. From a flotilla of 40 ships and a flock of airplanes, balloons, and satellites, as well as ground stations, the researchers will observe climatic phenomena in the equatorial region, which absorbs most of the earth's income of solar energy and generates the world's weather systems. Both the hurricanes that bedevil man and the monsoons that nourish him originate in the movements of sun-warmed tropical air.

Information from the three-month expedition, digested by computers, is expected to increase scientific understanding of the mysteries of global climate, perhaps leading to improved long-range weather forecasting. The effort is part of the preparation for a worldwide investigation of climate to begin later in the decade. Called the Global Atmospheric Research Program, the research is being conducted under the auspices of the World Meteorological Organization and participating governments.

Lamb Stew

As any aficionado of Western movies knows full well, the sheepman's undying foe is the cattleman, with whom he squabbles endlessly over rights to range and water. In recent years, however, the two-legged coyote called a cowboy has been replaced on the sheepman's "wanted dead or alive" list by the four-legged variety, a canine predator that would just as soon dine on *côte d'agneau* as indigenous wildlife. The preferred method of checking the depredations of hungry coyotes has traditionally been to broadcast bait seasoned with poison over thousands of square miles of both public and private rangeland.

The coyotes died a nasty death; but so did other, innocent meat eaters, from family pets to bald eagles. To halt the indiscriminate slaughter, President Nixon two years ago banned the use of poison for predator control on public lands, earning howls of relief from coyotes and outrage from sheepmen. Recently, the wool farmers have been lobbying hard for repeal of the ban, prophesying that the nation faces a future without lambs' wool or lamb chops, and complaining that they are losing a third of their flocks each year to the resurgent foe.

Recent University of Utah experiments suggest, however, that it may be possible to make the coyote lose its taste for lamb by making the predator literally sick of its former favorite. The technique involves offering the coyote sacrificial lamb laced with a strong emetic, lithium chloride, which nauseates the coyote but does not bother other predators. After one bout with the booby-trapped meat, the captive coyotes became so sheep-shy that they refused to touch the stuff, and even became terrified of a delectable, defenseless lamb introduced into their pen.

"The method certainly seems to work satisfactorily under controlled conditions," said a spokesman for the Utah Wool Growers Association, anxious for a final solution to the coyote problem. "Now it needs to be tested in the field." Support for the necessary fieldwork is currently being considered by the state of Washington, while the U.S. Department of the Interior is continuing studies in captivity to see how long the aversion effect lasts. ANTHONY WOLFF

"No! No! I said build an ark!"

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Outlook

The Arms Race: Will the Russians Play "American Roulette"?

by William Epstein

Many U.N. member countries, like many American taxpayers, were startled in January 1973 when President Nixon proposed an increase in the military budget from $76 billion to $81 billion. The President's action was startling because the Berlin and German 1972 accords were supposed to symbolize the end of the cold war in Europe, and the American-Soviet SALT I agreements the same year were supposed to replace the expensive race for nuclear superiority with cheaper as well as safer nuclear parity. Nonetheless, the total U.S. military budget approved in 1973 was $84.2 billion.

Last January, despite the American phase-out in Vietnam and the Nixon-Brezhnev agreement for preventing nuclear war, the President proposed a further increase to $99 billion! The amount asked for the U.S. Defense Department was $85.8 billion, but additional military outlays for the Atomic Energy Commission, for science and technology, and for supplementals brought the total to almost $100 billion.

The story is the same all over the world. No matter what the international climate—whether hot war, cold war, or détente—national and global military budgets keep right on escalating.

Apologists for the military like to point out that the defense budget of the United States represents only about 6 percent of the gross national product (actually, it is much more when all the "hidden" items are included) and that the military's proportion of the GNP and of the total federal budget is declining. This statement is arguable—but even if it is true, it is meaningless. It is not written in the stars that military spending should continue at such high levels or, indeed, increase every year or keep pace with the GNP. No law or reason requires the open-ended accumulation of ever greater and more sophisticated killing capability.

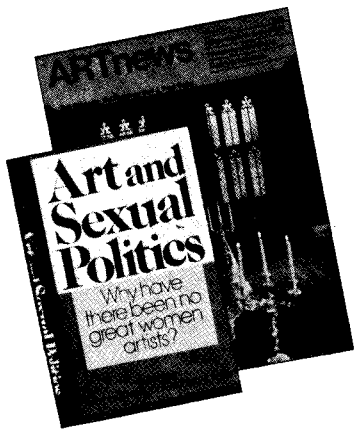
It is, of course, true that part of the huge increase in the proposed budget—but only the smaller part—is due to inflation and to higher salaries and pay scales. U.S. Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger recently acknowledged that $1 to $2 billion had been added to the defense budget to help stimulate the domestic economy—which is hardly the business of the military. Among the other reasons given for the increase is the need for replacement and new equipment because of the recent Middle East war. But Egypt, Israel, and Syria have already been dangerously overstuffed with new equipment. Each of them has more tanks and fighter planes than has Britain or France! If the Soviet Union and the United States have ever had any thought of maintaining the balance of forces in the Middle East at lower, instead of progressively higher, levels, they obviously have not acted on it.

Still another reason for the increased budget is the military's desire to move toward a counterforce posture in strategic nuclear missiles—that is, a force that could knock out Soviet nuclear missiles in their underground silos and not merely "take out" Soviet cities with their populations. It is, of course, claimed that this policy would make possible a limited strategic nuclear exchange, this side of an all-out nuclear war. But whatever language it is dressed up in, this counterforce concept harks back to the "first strike" idea, which means knocking out the enemy with a pre-emptive first strike before he strikes at you. This concept was rejected in the Sixties as being a provocative one that might induce each side in an acute crisis to strike before the other did. It was replaced by the "second strike" concept, which was based on the idea of mutual deterrence; it had the lovely acronym MAD, for "mutual assured destruction," but there was at least an element of stability in the mutual balance of terror.

If going back to the counterforce strategy merely meant re-targeting missiles away from the other side's cities to its missile silos, the strategy would still be useless, because the enemy could always retaliate with its relatively invulnerable submarine-launched missiles.

(Continued on page 42.)

William Epstein, formerly director of the Disarmament Division of the U.N. Secretariat, is now a Special Fellow of the United Nations Institute for Training and Research.



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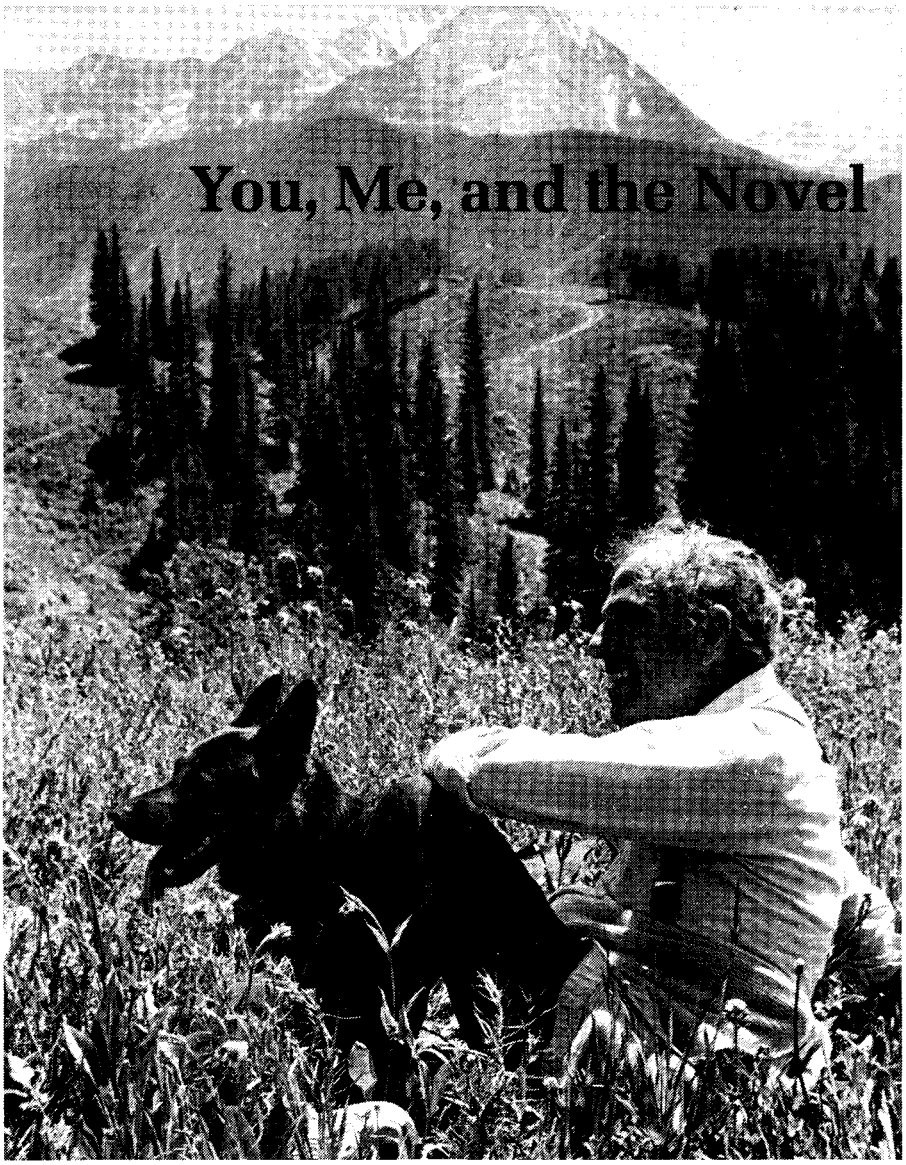

Ferenc Berko, Aspen

Herman Wouk at Aspen, Colo.—The Scriptures, the Talmud, and a terrible war.

A distinguished writer considers the modern novel, from its roots in Cervantes—whose "Don Quixote" poked fun at Arthurian romances—to Joyce, who "shouted dirty words in quiet libraries."

by Herman Wouk

I have not written or spoken* before about the fiction art, my practice and my love. I try to follow the famous dictum of Joyce: that ambitious work can be accomplished only in silence, exile, and cunning. My current work is vaultingly ambitious; some of you have read the first panel, *The Winds of War*. It is nothing less than an effort to re-create in a fictional experience the sweep and the meaning of the Second World War, the great catastrophe of our time. I have had to shut up and get about my business, and for more than a decade that's what I've been doing.

You'll say, How about the exile and the cunning? Well, by the standards of the literary set, I've been living in the deepest exile for the past ten years—you might say in a howling and trackless desert. My home is in Washington, D.C.

As for cunning, I must skirt modesty to mention that several of my books have been—in the vulgar and gross jargon of the marketplace—number-one best-sellers, which often suffices among the illuminati to brand a man a negligible wretch. Yet with this scarlet number sewn on my breast, I find myself in the august columns of *Saturday Review/World*, a citadel of intellect and taste, holding forth on a weighty theme. That will have to do as a sample of my cunning, until you read what I have to say.

Most of you remember E. M. Forster's book *Aspects of the Novel*. That wise old crocodile of modern literature, Somerset Maugham, once said, "E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel* is a penetrating work, which proves conclusively that the perfect novel is the kind of novel E. M. Forster writes." This admiration of one's own way of doing things is an occupational hazard in the arts. I can only say that if I fall into that trap, remember I laughed at myself first.

Remember, too, that at the moment we are having a chat, not developing a durable academic frame for a vast, elusive subject. Let's say that you and I sit with a bottle of sherry between us, and you ask: "Herman, why do you write the kind of novels you write?" Or, "Where does the novel belong in life today?" Something like that. In reply I fill our glasses. "All right," I say, "give me an hour. Don't interrupt me, and above all don't ever quote me. Remember, these are words over wine."

THE MODERN WESTERN NOVEL begins with Cervantes. I say *modern* because the long prose narrative is an ancient form; and I say *Western* because the Oriental novel is a very different thing. The novel that you and I know, that living authors of fiction try to write, first takes shape in *Don Quixote*. By looking at what Cervantes did in creating this new art form, we can find a basis on which to start talking.

Fortunately, Cervantes was quite explicit about his intention in writing *Don Quixote*. He declared that he was out to destroy by parody a bad and stupid form of storytelling, reflecting a ridiculous set of values. In his time the art of printing had existed for about 100 years. A new kind of popular entertainment had swept Europe, the Arthurian romance. In Spain the favorite in this genre was the tale of Amadís de Gaula, which followed the familiar pattern: impossibly noble knights, impossibly beautiful maidens, impossibly malevolent villains, impossibly difficult adventures, and everything fabulous and silly in the pre-realistic nar-

*This essay has been adapted by the author from the tape of an extemporaneous talk at The Aspen Institute, where he was a scholar-in-residence in the summer of 1973.

Novelist and playwright Herman Wouk is best known for his World War II books, The Winds of War *and* The Caine Mutiny *(Pulitzer Prize). His works on Jewish themes include* Marjorie Morningstar *and* This Is My God.

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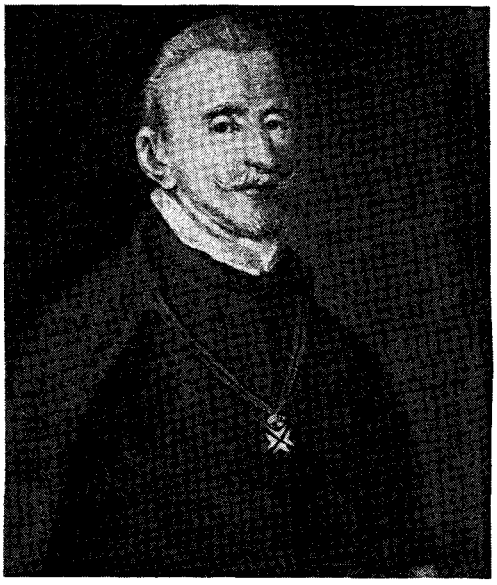
rative world. This kind of storytelling was, if you please, the movies and the television of its day. The printed page had opened up such dreamy amusement to the public. People adored it. They couldn't get enough of it.

Cervantes said in effect, "In place of this nonsense, I will offer you the real world. I will show you that it is more amusing, more diverting, more entertaining, than these fables that you are so fond of, and that it will give you more to think about and remember." That was the first thing he did: to move the narrative art from the world of Amadís de Gaula into everyday reality. Ever since, the novel has sunk its roots in, and drawn its nourishment from, that inexhaustible ground.



Culver

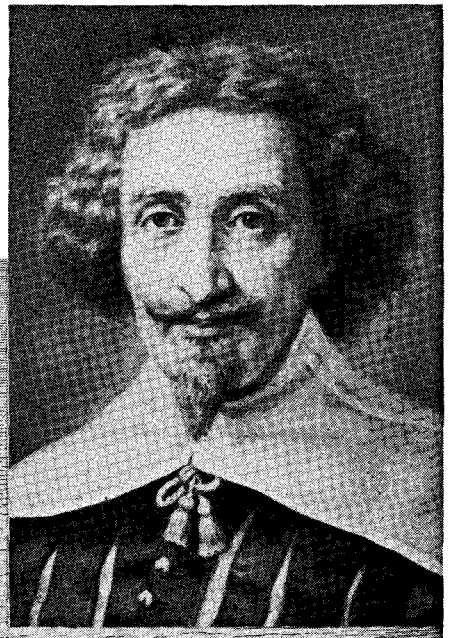
Lope de Vega—The Neil Simon of his day, he left the "big stage" to Cervantes.

He did a second equally important thing: he moved the art away from high life and the beautiful people to all life and to all people. *Don Quixote* was the first, as it is still the greatest, of the road narratives. Whomever the Don encountered on the road—an innkeeper or a barber, a duke or a monk, a robber or a whore—Cervantes found human dignity and reality in each—and transcending all, of course, that great non-high, non-beautiful traveling companion, Sancho Panza.

I am not now going to labor familiar aspects of *Don Quixote*: the tension between the idealist and the realist, the sad music of humanity under the roistering fun, the brilliance of the character drawing and the storytelling. We are now talking about the technical origins of the art: what Cervantes did that opened up a new creative form. Well, this was the second thing: he looked to ordinary life rather than to high life for his substance. In this —only in this—he surpassed the greatest of secular writers, Shakespeare. They were contemporaries, even died in the same year, but Shakespeare stayed with the beautiful people; kings, queens, princes, nobles, lovely princesses, were his usual protagonists. The common man is there in Shakespeare, and brilliantly there in Bottom, in Feste the Jester, in the Gravedigger, the Porter, even, we may say, in Malvolio, but he is comic relief out of a lower order. Shakespeare knew that tiresome open commercial literary secret, that the groundlings love a lord. In this Cervantes was more nearly modern; not but what Shakespeare transcends all rules and all questions, and is modern, ancient, new, old, and everything else.

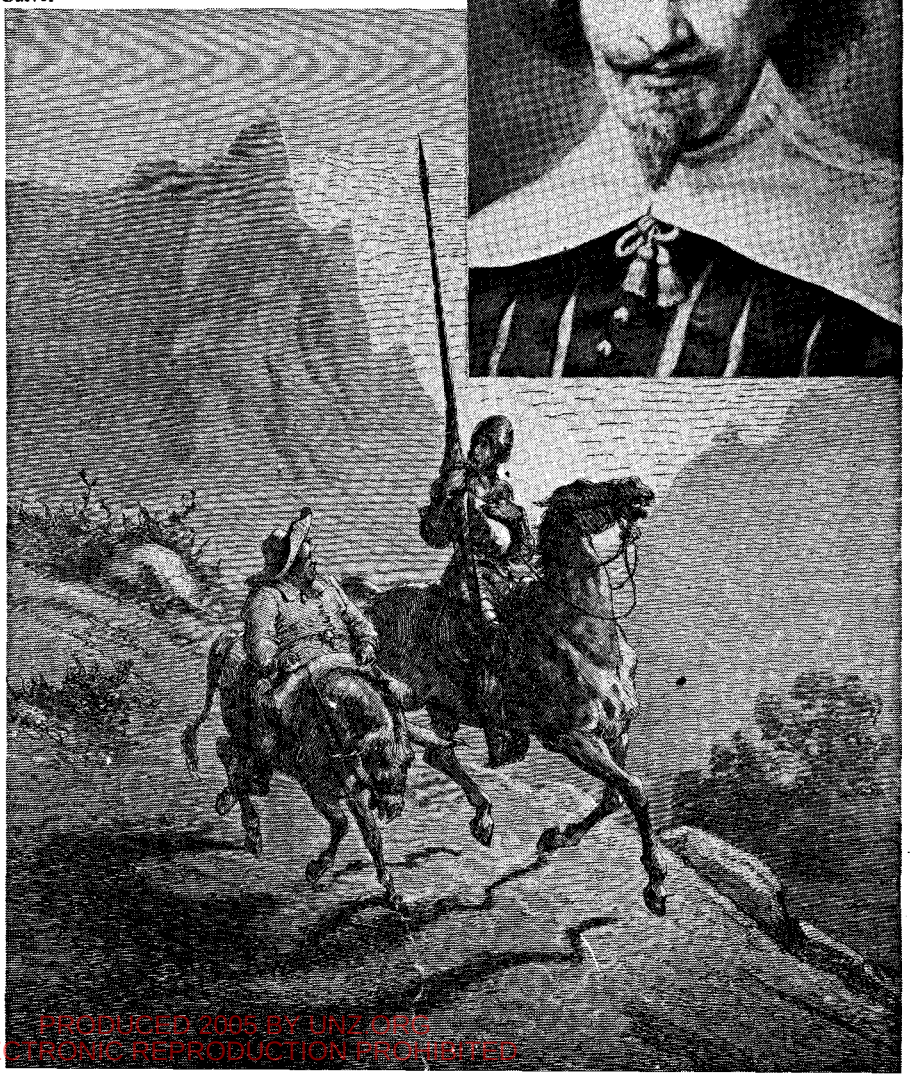
One more point about Cervantes, and then we are ready to go forward. He failed in the theater. He had as his competitor possibly the most successful playwright of all time, a man to make even Mr. Neil Simon green with envy: Lope de Vega, who put out play after play, year after year, smash after smash, while Cervantes struggled with the form but seldom won the success he craved. Fielding was precisely the same sort of failed dramatist. Dickens was obsessed by the theater, was always taking part in amateur theatricals, and indeed spent the last years of his life performing dramatic readings of his own writings. Mark Twain was a popular platform entertainer and even began *Tom Sawyer* as a play. The long catastrophic failure of Henry James in the theater is well-known. Trollope tried the theater and missed. Many of us who write contemporary fiction—Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Saul Bellow, Calder Willingham, Irwin Shaw, Norman Mailer, and others—have had a go at the stage. I think we're better novelists than we are playwrights.

There's nothing accidental about this,



Cervantes and Don Quixote with Sancho Panza—Bypassed the beautiful people.

Culver



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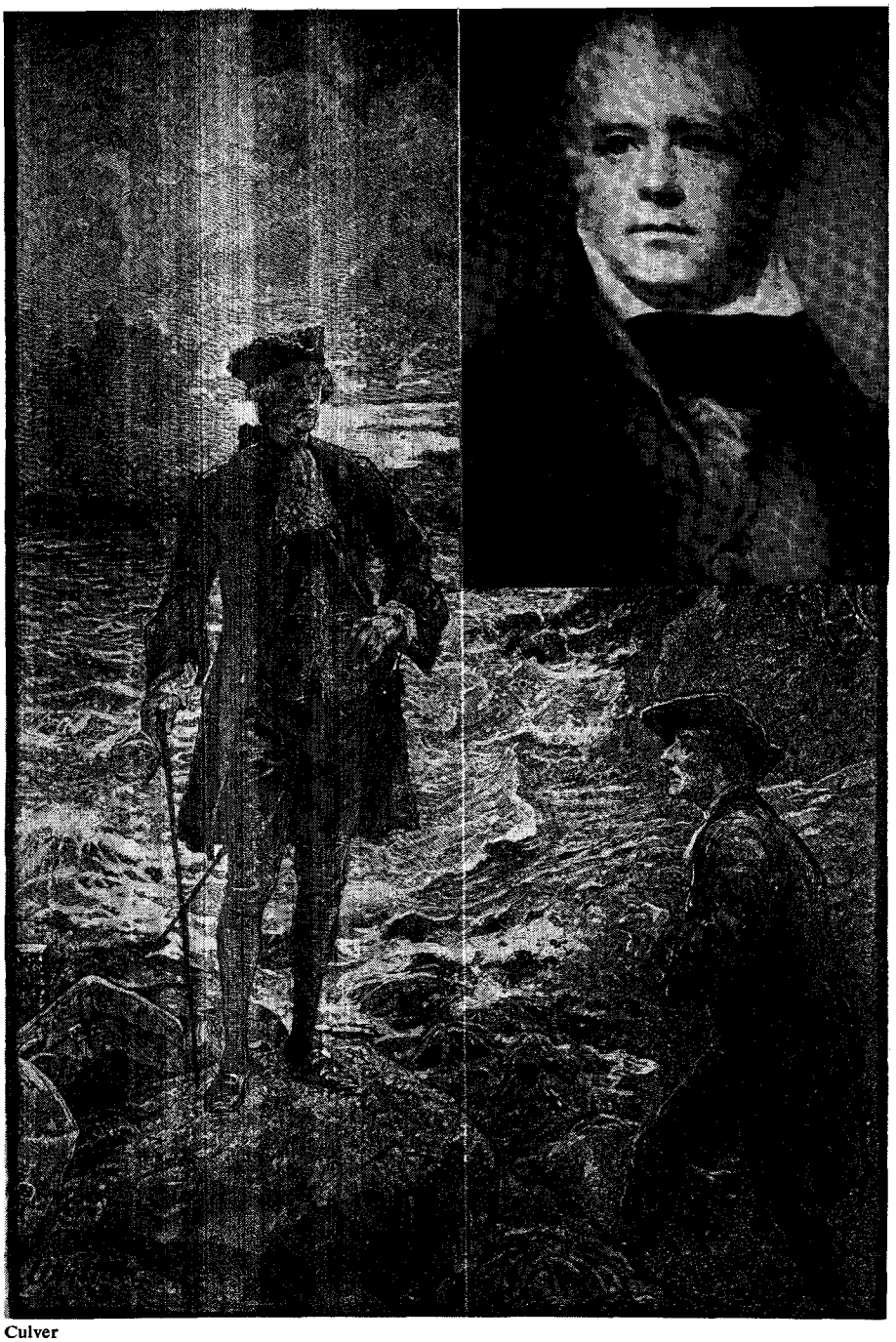

Culver

Sir Walter Scott and The Master of Ballantrae—*The new art, the old players.*

and I want to dwell on it a bit. The theater, in the first instance, is a crowd-pleasing medium. It must offer enough popular amusement to pull in many customers, or it cannot live. The actors must be paid. The scenery must be bought. The hall must be rented. Hence, whether it is Shakespeare or Molière or Strindberg or Ibsen or Eugene O'Neill at work, one usually can count on a strong dramatic structure, a story that fits tightly together: well-planned entrances, exits, *coups de theatre*—things that keep the audience, if not on the edge of their seats, at least sharply awake and waiting for the next thing.

Cervantes could not make it in this form. He must have felt (here I speculate on the soul of a genius long dead) that he was potentially one of the great entertainers of the world; yet he could not break into the golden circle. And so, as it were, he improvised a new form, big enough and loose enough to give reign to his creative force. He said in effect: "All right. Forget about the actors. Forget about the scenery. Forget about 'two hours' traffic on the stage.' Give me the printed page, nothing more, and I will create a stage for you as big as all Spain. I will write a scenario for you as big as life itself. You will be more moved, you will laugh more, you will cry more, you will think more, you will be more grateful, than at any play that you have seen by Lope de Vega or anybody else."

And he was as good as his word. Whatever else *Don Quixote* is, it is one of the towering entertainments in human art. This was the third thing Cervantes did, this breakout from a rigid, conventional form of crowd pleasing, the theater, into a freer, broader form retaining the popular charm of dramaturgy.

NOW I'M GOING to telegraph my finish to you. I propose to describe an arch of 300 years of novel writing, anchored at one end in *Don Quixote,* by Cervantes, anchored at the other in *Ulysses,* by James Joyce. My arch will crest, if you please, in the works of Charles Dickens. On this frame I propose to discuss the novel and its role in society, not as a structure to stand, but as a playful construct for the evening.

Sweeping up the arch from Cervantes, we rush past Sterne, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, each of whom broadened Cervantes's new art in his idiosyncratic way, and each of whom acknowledged his deep debt to Cervantes. We must sweep past them and the giant Defoe to make this a viable evening, and, on the way to Dickens, stop at a figure who may surprise you: Sir Walter Scott.

Scott is, at the moment, a neglected author. To many of you he is the boring fellow whose *Ivanhoe* was jammed down your throat in the ninth grade and whom you have thankfully avoided ever since. Scott is, in my judgment, one of the world's great novelists, and if that be debated, what is not debatable is that he was one of the most successful and influential. The imitators of Scott are legion, and they have never died. Dumas, Balzac, Hugo, Tolstoy, Stendhal, are unthinkable without him. Whenever you pick up a marshmallow historical novel featuring on the jacket a girl with ballooning bosoms—not you, I mean, but another silly book buyer, of course—Scott is turning over in his grave at this abuse of the form he created, the historical romance.

For our technical discussion, we should pause to see exactly what Scott did. Scott brought back into the new art of Cervantes the old stock players of Amadís de Gaula: the kings, the queens, the nobles, the beautiful ladies, the chivalry, the high adventure, that Cervantes with his blast of realism had supposedly blown into artistic limbo. Scott, like Shakespeare, knew the tiresome old open secret. By reviving this safe (if you will) but honest rule of entertainment, he won incredible popularity. He wrote dozens

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of novels anonymously, known only as the "Wizard of the North," the author of *Waverley*. His books sold as those of few novelists have sold before or since.

But the greatness of Scott lay in this: he had also learned the lesson of Cervantes. The young lovers in his book tend to be sticks, lay figures like the young lovers in Molière; but the kings, the queens, the ministers, the dukes, are realistically observed. He is a post-Cervantean novelist, not an Arthurian romancer. In his novels, there are also deeply realized characters of humble life: Edie Ochiltree, Meg Merrilies, Jeanie Deans and her father, a swarming cast.

After Scott, perhaps in part because of Scott, the Victorian novel deals much with bourgeois high life. The rich, the beautiful, the romantic, the successful, the powerful, the people in the gossip column, fill most trashy Victorian writing. But much of the fine writing in Thackeray, Trollope, and George Eliot is about them, too. There is a constant tendency in the novel to drift back to Amadís de Gaula, for the same reason that the screen magazines are so popular on the newsstand. It was no accident that the hyper-modern Hemingway began with a Lady Brett Ashley and ended with a Princess Renata.

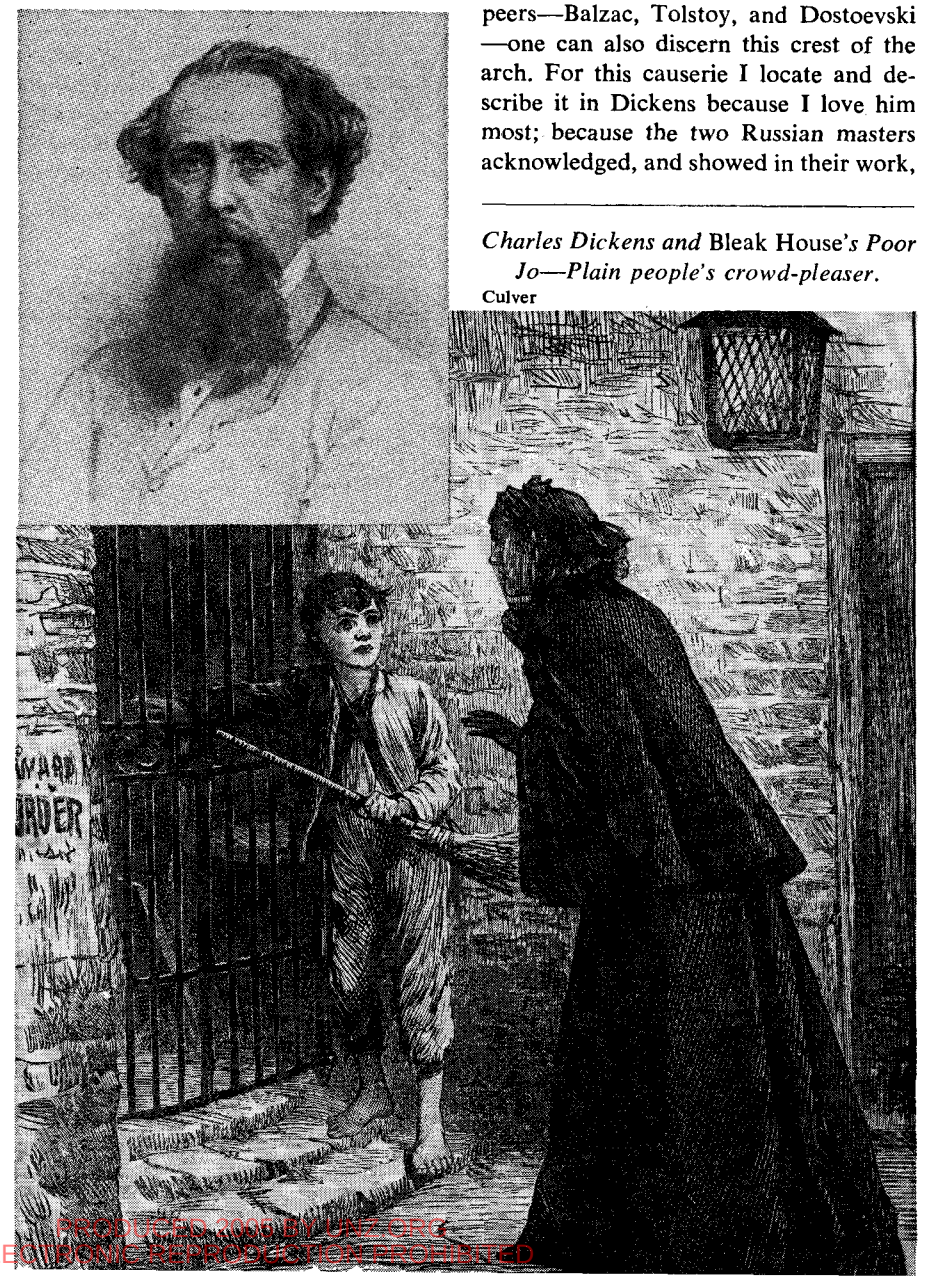
Here, I suggest, is one of the many facets of the greatness of Dickens. Dickens, at the top of the arch, asserted the centrality of plain people, of the individual ego, of the small man who is never small in his own eyes and in God's eyes. Dickens made this point in the narrative art once and for all, so that there is no substantial going back, only the chronic regressive drift of dreaminess. There are novels of high life after Dickens; as I've said, we have them in our day. But after him, the main body of the novel once and forever moves to the existence of the common man. When he, too, treats high life, in his Lord Frederic Verisophts, Lady Dedlocks, Sir Mulberry Hawks, and Lady Tippins, he writes of an order that he sees and shows as dying.

Well, we will not plumb Dickens here. He was only incidentally one of the great crowd-pleasers. There has never been a novelist to approach him in that regard, in novel after novel, from the first one he wrote until the day he died. If Cervantes proposed a form that could triumph over the theater in pleasing the crowd, then Dickens unchallengeably made it work. No nineteenth-century dramatist matched Charles Dickens as an entertainer. But that, of course, is not why I place him at the top of this profound art.

The reason lies in his work. The novels of Dickens themselves form an arch. They start with a Don Quixote story, a road tale. Pickwick, the bruised, bastinadoed noble spirit, and his earthy, folklore-spouting sidekick, Sam Weller —what are they but the immortal pair again setting forth, this time in nineteenth-century England instead of sixteenth-century Spain? Pickwick is filled in the same way with the charm of everyday life, with the love of the road and of humanity at large, with the sheer joy in being alive that miraculously lit up the writing of an old man in *Don Quixote* and more naturally irradiated the first novel of a youngster of 24. But next this triumphant youngster drops straight into the darkness of *Oliver Twist*. It is a temporary darkness, a nightmare of goblins and bad dreams, and one wakes to a sunlit happy ending.

Then we have the rich flow of the happy, successful Dickens through the early novels to *Dombey and Son*. But in the later novels, *Bleak House, Our Mutual Friend, Hard Times,* and the rest—once regarded as a bad falloff in the author's powers—we see today a radical new note in the novel, a critical challenge to the social system. Here, if you will, emerges the modern conception of the novelist's role in society, not just the entertainer, not even the serious portrayer of real and common life, but the critic of injustice and the prophet of a threatening doom. As we slope down the latter works of Dickens into an unfinished mystery tale of murder, collapse, and doom, we are dropping down the arch of the novel itself, into our own gloomy century.

In the works of Dickens's three great peers—Balzac, Tolstoy, and Dostoevski —one can also discern this crest of the arch. For this causerie I locate and describe it in Dickens because I love him most; because the two Russian masters acknowledged, and showed in their work,



Charles Dickens and Bleak House*'s Poor Jo—Plain people's crowd-pleaser.*
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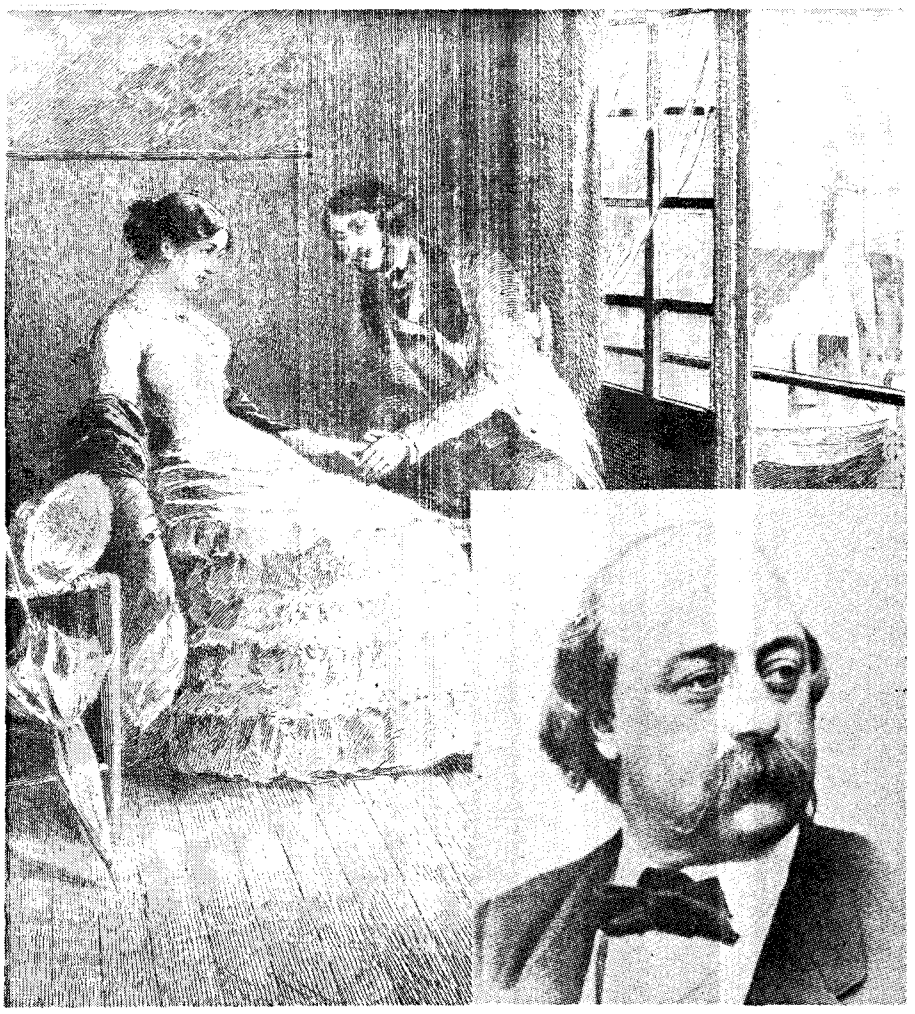

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Gustave Flaubert and Madame Bovary—*"Underside of the wing of a wood louse."*

a massive debt to him; and because Balzac is a Shakespearean transcender of patterns and rules. But one Cervantean rule of the novel these four masters generally accepted: the dramaturgic requirement to please the crowd. They all wrote massive best-sellers in the traditional vein of dramatic narrative.

A STRIKING NEW TREND starts in the late nineteenth century, a break with Cervantes that more than anything else marks the modernist tradition in the novel, and that is a hacking away of the requirement to amuse the crowd. You can find it in many places along the downslope of the arch, but let us pause at a key innovator, Flaubert. When asked what his aim was in writing *Madame Bovary*, Flaubert replied to this effect: "I was attempting to capture the gray color of the underside of the wing of a wood louse."

Well! That at least sounds in our ears as a refreshing change from, "Why, to amuse a lot of book buyers, you fool." Naturally, you needn't believe Flaubert's fey riposte about the wood louse. Novelists are devious fellows, addicted to the put-on, or they would not spend their lives talking through multiple masks. Flaubert was the model of a modern artist, turning his back on the optimistic, shallow, prosperous audience that fed him and praised his work; turning his back because he felt an essential emptiness, hollowness, and even terror in the rigid, blinkered self-satisfaction of the bourgeoisie, which Dickens, mind you, had already hit off so scathingly as Podsnappery.

Such an artist—Flaubert, and after him many others—is really saying, "I will not please you. I will please myself. I will tell you the truth. Follow me if you dare and if you can." The commitment shifts from the theater toward lyric poetry: from concern with an audience to concern with elevated and exact expression of the artist's inner view of things, to Emma Bovary, if you will, as a wood louse who matters to Flaubert if to nobody else.

Thus we have the novels of Hardy with unheroic heroes, unglamorous heroines, jerky, grotesque plots, all marinated in pessimism and hopelessness — books clearly not calculated to sell or even to please any audience but a discriminating few. We have Meredith's gallery of subtly drawn characters, talking elevated diction, which he himself called "this poor troop of players to empty benches"; and the works of Henry James, marvels of penetration and style, falling mostly stillborn from the press. The point is too familiar to be labored.

This trend culminates in *Ulysses*. Here is a total thumbing of the nose at the audience of ordinary readers, at the very concept of crowd-pleasing, at the whole art of dramatic narrative that is the spine of the traditional novel. Here is the apotheosis of "Catch me if you can; follow me if you've got the brains." And recurring in *Ulysses*—much more clearly spoken out—is the note of doom from the later works of Dickens. He pictures a culture in collapse, a world in which the center does not hold. He pulls the art down into the grittiest daily life as though he wants to say that what Dickens did to the Victorian novel is not enough.

James Joyce thrusts the reader into the water closet, the saloon, the adulterer's bed, and the graveyard. His own Sancho Panza, his own person from the earth, Molly Bloom, says in her soliloquy, "Yes, let him know that his wife has been fucked and damn well fucked"—a little word planted like a mine to blow up all nineteenth-century literary taste. He wants literature to blow up because the world it reflects is not holding. It stands on a brink; and if he can shock it in no other way, he will shock it by shouting a dirty word in the genteel quiet of the library.

And he will not tie himself to dramatic narrative, to the fascination of plot and the flow of story. In a sort of defiant explosion of comic genius he capers before the reader like a clown. "If you want entertainment," says he, "why, I will entertain you, but on my own terms." And the master juggler tumbles in and out of parodies, dazzling you with his learned references and his crowding characterizations, then knocking you over with a slapstick, then bringing you up short with wistful and profoundly moving dithyrambs. But always it is, "Catch me if you can; follow me if you dare; damn the crowd and damn the customers."

Ezra Pound said, "Any novelist who writes after Joyce and is not influenced by him is not worth a moment's consideration." And, of course, Joyce's disciples and imitators are many.

Now as you and I pour more sherry, you should shake your head and say, "Well, Herman, you have just condemned yourself out of your own mouth, or at

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least out of Ezra Pound's redoubtable mouth. If there ever was a man whose work was less visibly influenced by James Joyce than the author of *The Caine Mutiny, Marjorie Morningstar, Youngblood Hawke,* and *The Winds of War*—"

Steady now. Let me drink my sherry and have my say.

It is without question true that the modernist novel centers in Joyce; but *pace,* Pound, it is not all Joyce. I see four authors as the main influencers of the modernist novel: James Joyce, Marcel Proust, Franz Kafka, and the Dostoevski who wrote *Notes From the Underground.* In four pillars of the modernist novel, *Ulysses, Remembrance of Things Past, The Trial,* and *Notes From the Underground,* there are several qualities in common. All turn their backs on the customer who wants the ready amusement that Dickens and Cervantes were committed to give. All are more or less difficult. All say, "Follow me if you can." In all, dramatic narrative is of small consequence. But that is not the essence; that is technique.

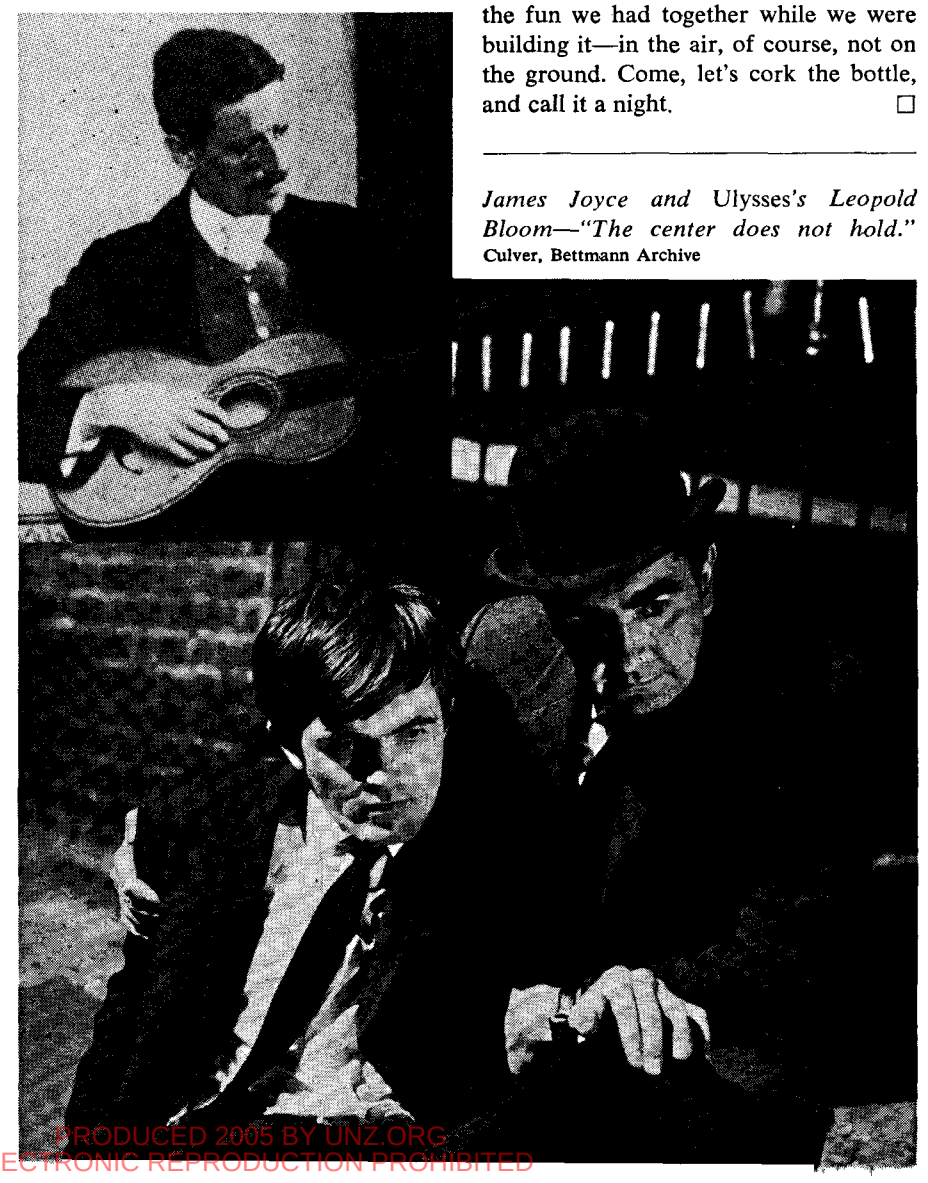
The essence of the modernist novel is, once again, a full statement of what was foreshadowed in the later novels of Dickens—that the world is coming apart, that a terrible and mysterious fate is running away with it, that technology is overwhelming it, that the center does not hold, and that the sensitive man can only record this thing and protest against it as he goes down—Joseph K. dying like a dog; the narrator in *Notes From the Underground* screaming his protest, "I matter, though I am a worm and poor"; Leopold Bloom wandering the streets, knowing that his wife is cuckolding him as the world falls about his ears; the narrator Marcel in his cork-lined room—each in his way is speaking of the breakdown of the old world, of the disintegration of old values, of the hopelessness of the whole thing, and of the helplessness of the intellectual to do anything but look at it and record it. That needed saying and perhaps still needs saying, over and over and over.

NOW, AS FOR ME, I came to consciousness in a traditional Jewish family and had a very strong grounding in the Scriptures and in the Talmud. It is not a blithely optimistic world view. The Jews have always been deep sufferers. But we say in Yiddish, *A id darf haben bitakhon* ("a Jew must have faith"). I came to my artistic consciousness in a great and terrible war, in which, by the skin of their teeth, men of goodwill turned back a night of barbarism that might have lasted a thousand years—in which most of the mature leaders of art and intellect today would not be among the living and which, with all the problems of our present world, would have made this world seem a lost paradise. It was a near thing, but we won.

And I saw something else. I saw my Jewish people, almost destroyed in its great center in Europe, rise and found a remarkable new nation. These things happened in my lifetime. For better or worse I cannot—for it is not what I feel—echo the cry of hopeless anguish over a falling world that was authentic in the founders of the modernist novel. I know how dark the world is. I know in what terrible danger we all are. Even without the special crises and threats of this century, I know that human life is a black mystery and often a hideous thing. I know all that, but so do you. It has been given to the people of our time to see the photographs from outer space that show us as we are: lost on a beautiful little ball whirling through space—God knows where from, and God knows where to—this little island of life that we have rifled and poisoned, where we spend most of our time battering at each other, where the problem of survival is common to us all.

But this self-same dark picture compels me to say something different because I feel something different. It is an ancient message spoken in many tongues: in Latin, *sursum corda;* in Hebrew, *hazak v'ematz;* and in the good, plain, sinewy English of the King James version, "Be strong and of good courage." This is what I feel, and so I say it in my work. The narrative gift was born in me, and I use it to speak this word as well as I can, as widely as I can. Whether it is a voice that should be heard or not, it is my voice, and I speak it from my soul.

WELL, HAVE WE HAD enough sherry? I suspect, listening to the rhetoric of my peroration, that I have had more than enough. Remember what I first told you. These were words over wine. If my arch pleases you, remember it for a little while. If not, let it fall now and remember only the fun we had together while we were building it—in the air, of course, not on the ground. Come, let's cork the bottle, and call it a night. □



James Joyce and Ulysses*'s Leopold Bloom—"The center does not hold."*
Culver, Bettmann Archive

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BOOKS

The Myth of the March

WALLS COME TUMBLING DOWN: A HISTORY OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT, 1940–1970
by Thomas R. Brooks
Prentice-Hall, 309 pp., $10.00

SELMA 1965: THE TOWN WHERE THE SOUTH WAS CHANGED
by Charles Fager
Charles Scribner's Sons, 199 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Anthony Astrachan

To read these accounts of the American civil rights movement is to plunge into an age when blacks and whites wanted, and sometimes achieved, an exhilarating communion with each other. At first it seems like an anachronism to surface from these pages into the air of today, when interracial communion has become rare and difficult and people must sweat to achieve mere communication. On the white side, there is a further historical anomaly in the civil rights performance of Presidents. For John F. Kennedy it was more talk than action, like so much of Camelot. For Lyndon Johnson, it was Vietnam blotting out the successive waves of civil rights legislation, which were summed up in the spectacle of that formidable Texan's telling Congress, "We *shall* overcome!" But both men appear like civil rights giants when measured against Richard Nixon.

When you look on the black side, however, the feeling of anomaly gives way to the true sense of history, continuity in the midst of change. Today, unlike 1965, black leaders are congressmen more often than clergymen, mayors rather than ministers. But Rep. Andrew Young of Georgia was a minister, one of Dr. King's chief lieutenants. Mayor Thomas Bradley of Los Angeles rose through police ranks there in the wake of the Watts riot, which started the same year as the Selma march and scared Sheriff Jim Clark into thinking Selma, too, was about to explode in violence when its blacks were merely weary from the effort of the march.

Perhaps the most significant historical change is that neither whites nor blacks are marching anymore in this country. The myth of the march, especially the March on Washington, played the same role in the history of the blacks and the history of the civil rights movement that the myth of the general strike did in the history of European Socialists. In the words of Georges Sorel, the myth expressed the group's convictions in the language of movement. The myth concentrated the movement into a drama projected into the future, so that the participants, Sorel said, "picture their coming action as a battle in which their cause is certain to triumph."

THE PUREST FORM of this civil rights myth was the march on Washington that never took place—the march with which A. Philip Randolph bluffed Franklin D. Roosevelt into issuing the 1941 executive order that banned discrimination in defense industries and federal agencies. The strongest form of the myth was the March on Washington that actually brought more than 200,000 people to the capital in August 1963. This was better than any general strike as a test of Sorel's contention that a future-directed myth is not a prophecy but a means of acting on the present. He thought it was a mistake to judge a myth by the discrepancy between it and the final outcome of the action it inspired. That might be suitable for judging a rationally planned utopia, but rational utopias, unlike myths, do not move men and women to action. The 1963 March on Washington did not turn America into the promised land of civil and political rights, but in Thomas Brooks's terms, it did put America on notice that what Gunnar Myrdal called a "century-long lag of public morals" was over.

The March on Washington, as Brooks notes, also marked the decisive parting of militant and moderate ways that ultimately transformed the civil rights movement into a black movement—or rather several black movements. After that march came others—the 1965 march from Selma to Montgomery, which dramatized the struggle of blacks to regain the right to vote, and the march that James Meredith started and others finished in 1966 in Mississippi, where black power finally shoved white liberals off the road, completing the split that the March on Washington began.

Brooks has strung his "documentary" from the 1941 march to the 1963 march, and has stretched it on up to the beginnings of the 1970s, but even as he records the importance of the marches as events he seems unaware that they were important examples of myth as a historical force—or that they can be metaphors for the historian. His book, indeed, is not history but a cut-and-paste job from various records. He is so scrupulous about his attributions that they constantly remind the reader what a secondary or even tertiary source the book is; he or his editors

From *Selma 1965*

would have been wiser to relegate some of the sourcing to footnotes. His selection of sources sometimes seems peculiar; why quote from Emmett Dorsey's academic pronouncements on what urbanization did to the Negro when you have primary sources like Claude Brown's *Manchild in the Promised Land*? So far as his book reveals, Brooks was not present at the 1963 march or any of the other major events he writes about. Nor does he seem to have interviewed any of the leaders or participants in the movement except for George Houser, Tom Kahn, and Bayard Rustin—two of them white and all of them accessible in New York, which is not where the action took place ten years ago and not where it is taking place today. For these reasons, there is no inner life in the book, none of the sensation that "you are there" which can be conveyed by either a great journalist from firsthand experience or a great historian from documents.

Perhaps in compensation, Brooks tries to bring his story up to date with an op-

Anthony Astrachan, a veteran foreign correspondent, is now doing free-lance writing about the United States as well as other countries.

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timistic appraisal that uses the unfashionable word *integration:* The revolutionary civil rights movement is a success, "but its full accomplishment awaits a second reconstruction, the full integration of black Americans into the mainstream of American life."

He bases his optimism on a quantitative approach that is accurate but may be misleading. He notes, for instance, that the median year of school completed by black Americans between the ages of 20 and 34 is 12.0, not far behind the 12.5 figure for the same age group of whites. But he says nothing about the comparative quality of black and white education. He notes that the black-family median income was 61 percent of the white-family median income in 1970, compared with 53 percent in 1960—but says nothing about the fact that a much higher proportion of the black income goes for consumer goods and services than the white income, or that it is earned by a greater number of jobs per family—more working wives and children, more

husbands holding two jobs. He is optimistic because the number of elected black officials has gone up from 475 in 1967 to more than 2,000 in 1972. It has reached 2,991 in 1974, but as Roger Wilkins pointed out recently in *The New York Times Magazine,* that is only one-half of 1 percent of the total number of elected officials in the country.

All these quantitative things are important, but Brooks omits significant judgments about the quality of life. Many blacks feel more rage at the poverty that still manacles one-third of the black population than content at the economic and political gains of the black elite. Whites and blacks each accuse the other of closing off attempts at communication—hardly surprising after the riots that followed Dr. King's assassination in 1968 or after white backlash against school busing for integration. The shift to militancy encouraged anti-Semitism among some blacks and turned Jewish groups away from a movement in which they had played a key role for many years, a role to which Brooks gives scrupulous attention in earlier chapters. White support, passive or open, encouraged President Nixon to block the flow of anti-poverty and urban-development funds whose chief beneficiaries were blacks. Brooks mentions a 1972 Gallup poll which showed that most white Americans thought life had gotten worse while most blacks thought things had gotten better. Even as that minimizes black rage, it suggests that an attempt to measure the success of the civil rights revolution should include some poetic appraisal of the interracial tensions of the 1970s.

Brooks is no poet. He writes in the worst kind of magazine style. "The urbanization of the Negro changed the nature of the Negro problem" is in a class with Calvin Coolidge's "When people are out of work, unemployment results." Another example made me feel like jumping out a window: "Czechoslovak patriot and Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk was defenestrated in Prague."

But *Walls Come Tumbling Down* will be an indispensable almanac of the civil rights movement until some of the participants write their memoirs and a historian emerges who can re-create the drama. Brooks is frequently perceptive, factually correct, and very thorough, though some may think he gives insufficient attention to *Brown* vs. *Board of Education,* the Supreme Court decision ending *de jure* segregation in schools, whose twentieth anniversary occurred in May.

Selma 1965 is just what Brooks's book is not: the inside story of a key moment of drama, written by a participant who brings the whole sequence of events to life. Charles Fager tells the whole story, as the reader can tell even by skimming. Wilson Baker, the "moderate" Selma chief of police, and Martin Luther King each had spies in the other's camp. Two hundred blacks knelt to pray for Sheriff Jim Clark's recovery when he was hospitalized because "the niggers are givin' me a heart attack." Clark was not from Selma but from a poorer county to the south, an important factor in his bad relations with the white Selma establishment. Lyndon Johnson and George Wallace seduced each other in turn, until Wallace played into LBJ's hands by saying he was unable to maintain law and order during the march so Johnson could say federal troops had been invited in.

Fager is white but knew his black fellow marchers fairly well, and he gives a good picture of the second-rank leaders who were more important than Dr. King in the real events, as distinct from the mythmaking ones: Andrew Young, now a congressman; James Bevel, who went from Selma to lay the groundwork for Dr. King's attempt to force open housing on Chicago; Harold Middlebrook, the official of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference who stayed after the celebrities had gone; Elder William Ezra Greer, who turned the Selma relief effort into a rip-off (before that word gained currency) that was at the same time a parody of the worst of white social work; the Rev. Fredrick Reese, who survived the split in Selma's black community and ultimately led five blacks into city council seats in the elections of 1972.

In telling the Selma story, Fager gives a useful account of the troubles that resulted from Greer's aberrations and Reese's alleged use of community funds for personal purposes. This is evidence that the myth of the march did not work as the mythmakers dreamed. This does not dispel or refute the myth, but is essential for historians to note. I am sorry Fager does not quote Charles Evers, as Brooks does; Evers refused to sign the militant manifesto that came out of the Meredith march in 1966, saying, "I don't want this to turn into another Selma, where everyone goes home with the cameramen and leaves us holding the bag." Fager was so close to the events in Selma that he could not draw a deeply etched picture of the consequences of outside participation and outside abandonment, especially since white participation gave new heart to many Selma blacks, accustomed to nothing but segregation and oppression from local whites.

Fager's closeness to Selma was of the best kind: instead of preventing him, it enabled him to include some of the humor that every good historian should have, the kind of thing that in the old days made folktales eddy from central myths. One example is the university chaplain who went off his head during the march and preached on the text of the label of a can of vegetable soup. His insomniac listeners didn't realize what was happening until he started on the theological significance of okra. Fager's determination to write his insider's account dispels once and for all the suspicion of anachronism that affected my first reaction to these books: "There have been too few Selmas in our time," he says, "and we must not let them slip from memory." □

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Curtain Call

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, JOHN:
THE LIFE OF JOHN MASON BROWN,
WITH SOME OF HIS LETTERS AND
MANY OF HIS OPINIONS
by George Stevens
Viking, 308 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Glenn O. Carey

When he began his biography of Robert E. Sherwood, John Mason Brown, whose dazzling play reviews had for years been an adornment of the *Saturday Review*, said: "You cease living your own life when you start writing someone else's. You want to. You have to. But neither your having to nor wanting to is the true cause for the change that occurs. Without your being aware of it, you are no longer alone within yourself. Your heart and mind have a new tenant." Death in 1969 was the force that stopped Brown from completing his Sherwood biography—after 11 years of research on 30,000–40,000 letters and papers—death brought about by Parkinson's disease and successive bouts with pneumonia. The extensive but unfinished book was, however, published posthumously.

Glenn O. Carey is professor of English at Eastern Kentucky University.

This feeling that your heart and mind have become one with your subject apparently also overtook George Stevens, Brown's Harvard classmate and close friend, when he began this book. Following Brown's belief that "letters and diaries are the core of biography," Stevens frequently uses Brown's words, which gives *Speak for Yourself, John* its emphatically delightful character.

Stevens relates Brown's early years: his birth in 1900 in Louisville, Ky., his career at Harvard, where he became a member of George Pierce Baker's famous "47 Workshop," and his return, in the summer of 1920, to Louisville, where Arthur Krock hired him as a summer reporter and critic for *The Courier-Journal*.

After graduation, he spent a year touring European theaters and began, with the encouragement of Laurence Stallings, Arthur Hornblow, Frank Crowninshield, and Frederick Lewis Allen, to write theater pieces for a number of magazines. From 1924 to 1928 he served as associate editor and drama critic for *Theatre Arts*, then being edited by Edith Isaacs. From there he moved to the *New York Evening Post*, then to the *New York World Telegram*, and finally to the *Saturday Review*, where his "Seeing Things" column and his then-burgeoning career as one of the country's most popular lecturers quickly made him a national celebrity.

During these years Brown published several books, including, in 1935, a collection of some of his *Post* reviews called *Two on the Aisle*. His wit was unmistakable. "Tallulah Bankhead," he wrote in 1937, "barged down the Nile last night as Cleopatra—and sank." The following day he reviewed Orson Welles's production of *Julius Caesar:* "This is no funeral oration such as Miss Bankhead and Mr. [Conway] Tearle forced me to deliver yesterday when they interred *Antony and Cleopatra*. I come to praise *Caesar* at the Mercury, not to bury it."

A listing of Brown's friends and associates reads like a history of the American theater from 1920 to 1960. Stevens makes an effort to include them in his 13-page index, but an all-inclusive index would probably be a volume by itself. In his prologue Stevens comments, "It is his personality that his friends most vividly remember, and he was especially fortunate in his friends, owing to his effortless talent for human relationships."

A passage in his essay "Pleasant Agony," written in 1949, comes close to stating the essence of his credo as a critic: "The only truth I can state . . . is a personal one. Accordingly, I have no other choice than to write personally. What a man is is the basis of what he dreams and thinks, accepts and rejects, feels and perceives. It is, too, the stuff from which he writes."

In 1963 Brown carried on a bantering correspondence with Groucho Marx about the selection difficulties of the title of Brown's book *Dramatis Personae*. Groucho thought that *Corpus Delicti* would be just as good a title, but Brown replied that *Flagrante Delicto* would be even better, adding that his original title choice was *The Portable John*. Today, to his still-devoted followers, *Speak for Yourself, John* could be known, in the truest Brown tradition, as *The Viking Portable John*. I think John Mason Brown would concur. □

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Second Book

John Ratti is a reasonably young poet who works in book publishing in New York and whose second book, *Memorial Day*, has just been published by Viking. The poems are quiet, well-wrought, and, many of them, quite sexy. Here's a non-sexy one called "Wind Bell":

The triangle of weathered copper
suspended by a green iron hook
from the tip of the tongue of the wind bell
that hangs from a branch
of the tree in the garden
moves delicately as a razor blade
on a string,
one way, then another, then back,
but not far enough to ring the bell
or scare away the winter birds
who perch around it,
made fearless by hunger
and the cold.

Great Greek

If you're an addict of journals, or an addict of things Greek, you'll want to see *A Poet's Journal: Days of 1945–1951*, by George Seferis, the great Greek poet (Harvard University Press, July). Many travel impressions, meetings with French and Greek poets, particularly Cavafy, and excoriations of politicians, of which he was, ruefully, one. How about "Our public life is a jungle where everyone is out to slaughter the other with guile, slander, cowardice, shamelessness. These people make you feel as though you were chewing fog." Could be applied elsewhere, no? Talking about his fellow poet Sikelianos, bedridden in his last days: "Now as I write I'm thinking about his image: death, snowing upon him, has covered him half away."

Ego and Articulateness

The three or four times I've met Malcolm Muggeridge he seemed to be composed of equal portions of ego and articulateness. He's not a likable man, and knows it: "I have never had any difficulty in understanding how irritating I can be to other people, perhaps because I so often irritate myself." This is from *The Infernal Grove*, the second volume of his continuing autobiography *Chronicles of Wasted Time*, coming from Morrow on July 15. Dislike him you might, but he's a fine writer and has certainly been around. This particular hunk of autobiography covers his pre-war writing career in London and his sort of bloodless cloak-and-dagger dealings during the war in Africa and other far-flung places. There are bits of information that interest: the Anglo-Indian lilt was called "chee-chee" in the days of the Raj. And there are spurts of Muggeridgean prejudice: "Writers of thrillers tend to gravitate to the Secret Service as surely as the mentally unstable become psychiatrists, or the impotent, pornographers." The only person he responded to with unalloyed affection was that old dear, P. G. Wodehouse, who made some ill-advised broadcasts home from his German imprisonment in France:

He is a man singularly ill-fitted to live in a time of ideological conflict, having no feelings of hatred about anyone, and no very strong views about anything. In the behavior of his fellow humans, whoever they may be, he detects nothing more pernicious than a kind of sublime idiocy, and in commenting on public affairs rarely goes further than expressing the hope that this or that august personage might be induced to return to his padded cell. I never heard him speak bitterly about anyone—not even about old friends who turned against him in distress. Such a temperament does not make for good citizenship in the second half of the twentieth century.

Love Story

If I were of an age to scrawl on walls, and, indeed, if there were any scrawl space left after all that graffiti, my scrawl would read Margaret Loves Arnold, and I'd draw a heart with an arrow through it. The reference would be to Margaret Drabble's biography *Arnold Bennett*, to be published by Knopf in late July. She won't hear a word against the man, not a word. He was rumored to have had faults: snobbery, bad taste, money-love, but she whitewashes him completely. And I'm glad; I've always loved him, too. His *Journals* are among the great books, and his beautifully titled *Things That Have Interested Me* interested me. Yes, he loved money and luxury, but he worked damned hard for them. It is a book from which I could quote and quote. Here's a bit of something he wrote to his friend J. B. Priestley: "Like all authors, I feel deeply convinced that I am not understood as completely as my amazing merits deserve. An editor who wanted a free article from me once came along and said: 'You are the greatest writer that ever lived—or *could* live.' That is the kind of nourishment we require." The last words in her wonderful biography are:

He was a great writer from a stony land, and he was also one of the kindest and most unselfish of men. Many a time, rereading a novel, reading a letter or a piece of his journal, I have wanted to shake his hand, or to thank him, to say well done. I have written this instead.

A Gorgeous Gallimaufry

Here's a gorgeous gallimaufry of a book, *The Great Escape*, edited and designed (as they put it) by Min S. Yee and Donald K. Wright, and published by Bantam at seven dollars. It's an oversized paperback, with some 600 short articles and reams of photos and drawings. About *everything*: You want to know about worm grunting in Sopchoppy, Florida? the museum of quackery? a $35 breakfast for two served in your own bed? water cress? beautiful bus rides? nude beaches? the world's greatest recipe? Wild, man, wild! An ideal present to lay on a summer weekend host. □

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
Portrait of a Balanced Soul
by Edward Wagenknecht

"An eminently sane and level-headed evaluation of Emerson's strengths and weaknesses.... A real pleasure to read."
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"It was time that Emerson should sit for his portrait by the psychographer Edward Wagenknecht who... has shown his usual skill in bringing the inner and outer man into focus."—Robert E. Spiller

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Books in Brief

SPREADING FIRES
by John Knowles
Random House, 165 pp., $5.95

As a novelist, John Knowles has long been fascinated with the treachery that lurks in the heart of man. In *A Separate Peace*, his now classic account of a teenage friendship, Knowles explored hauntingly our inner urge to destroy. In *Spreading Fires*, he probes still further, this time into the viscera of a deranged soul, finding guilt and madness there in contagious proportions.

The story takes place in Tranquility House, an Italian villa in the south of France rented by Brendan Lucas, a responsible young American diplomat on leave from the Foreign Service. The house comes complete with cook-servant —a cheerless, reclusive British-Canadian named Neville, who works away assiduously in the kitchen, a room over which he claims unquestioned authority.

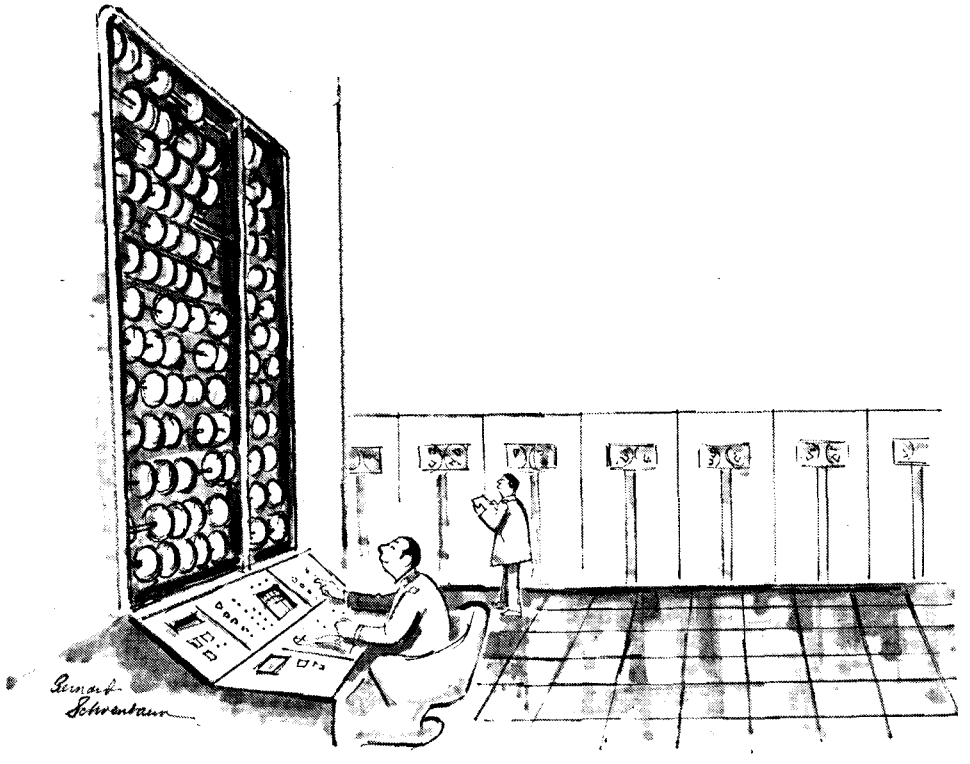
From the outset Neville appears quite odd: he brandishes a club the size of a baseball bat when he goes to market, in case the Algerian expatriates attack him; he locks the house up tight as a drum whenever he leaves it. His mania for protection against the Arabs and his harangues about the threat they pose to him seem mere crankishness—until the family guests begin to arrive for a prenuptial party given in honor of Brendan's sister and her French fiancé. Then, in a chilling series of episodes, Neville takes over the household, terrorizing the guests with his psychotic outbursts. Gradually, his obsession shifts to the family, as he seeks revenge on them for an invasion of his privacy.

The changing atmosphere in the house is not due to Neville's derangement alone, for Knowles invests all the guests at Tranquility House with "a tinge of guilt, a touch of shame." Culpability hangs in the air: filial possessiveness is made to look like jealousy, love, even lust. Suspicions bred from close living—a glance, an innuendo, a skirmish over suntan lotion—bring on insinuations of incestuous love.

The tale is told in a clean, unobtrusive language that belies the insidious nature of Knowles's argument. But Knowles simply fails to convince us, with his social morality and his contrived implications, that evil and sexual longings lurk inexorably in his characters' souls. His novel is less an argument for the infectiousness of paranoia, suspicion, madness, than it is for the deep-running fear of being displaced, for the human hunger to belong, to be part of a family, that sent Neville askew. SUSAN HEATH

WIDOW
by Lynn Caine
William Morrow, 223 pp., $6.95

Miss Caine's was an extreme response to the loss of her husband but perhaps not an unrepresentative one. From the evidence of her book, widowhood itself is rendered an extreme condition by the social attitudes that cause a woman to become, somehow, a stranger to her peers as soon as she has lost the protection of a husband or, more precisely, her status as a member of a couple. It is a harsh book and one that is not always easy to read: in its voice there is an insistence and a will to tell all that has something of assaultiveness in it, though who the objects may be and what its causes are may be easily enough understood from the story Miss Caine tells. It is an illuminating work, not because it is about the admittedly poignant problem of widowhood in this society, but because it is about the nature of grief. A personal exploration indeed, a deeply eccentric one in parts, it is a book that informs on the meaning of dependence and loss in ways that are rich and, at times, quite unforgettable. It may also be said that it is one of those few books which are not less compelling for also having the virtue of usefulness. DOROTHY RABINOWITZ



DIVORCE IN AMERICA:
ANATOMY OF LONELINESS
by Joseph Epstein
E. P. Dutton, 269 pp., $8.95

After ten years of a marriage that produced two small boys and the usual assortment of frustrations and resentments, Joseph Epstein and his wife decided to divorce. She packed up some of her most treasured belongings and drove off in their only car, leaving him with the children. As divorces go, theirs was rational, graceful, and swift. Mr. Epstein emerged encumbered by neither alimony nor child-custody litigation but well-versed in the "chaos, squalor, and mean feeling" that can swamp those in the mire of divorce.

In *Divorce in America* Epstein has sought to gain a perspective on that institution which is at once historical, sociological, psychological, legal, literary —and personal. And he has superimposed on the whole his version of his

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own divorce, noting especially the loneliness, the swings from self-pity to guilt that still obviously plague him.

The book is an ambitious and tricky undertaking fraught with the risk of betraying his own arguments for marriage and family with his personal self-revelations. While the philosophers and historians whom he cites argue for duty and responsibility, for patriarchy and sacrifice—in short, for marriage—Epstein himself unwittingly argues for ambition, self-fulfillment, freedom, and growth—that is, for divorce. In this ironic, almost schizoid, clash of accounts, it is painfully obvious that marriage can be defended more soundly in theory than in practice.

Although Epstein admits that divorce is sometimes necessary, to him it is essentially a *defeat*, measurable only in terms of "smaller and larger disasters." But the heart of this penetrating book—no matter Epstein's experience to the contrary—is an unyielding belief in traditional marriage. And in this "age of alternatives," when the dream of family is being supplanted by the dream of self, it is a bracing reaffirmation. S.H.

•

THE ROAD TO MANY A WONDER
by David Wagoner
Farrar, Straus, and Giroux
275 pp., $6.95

David Wagoner's seventh novel, which takes the form of a typically American rags-to-riches romance, relates the westward journey of twenty-year-old Ike Bender (who narrates the story in a largely successful backwoods vernacular) and his child bride, Millie, during the Pikes Peak Gold Rush of 1859. Their adventures have an intentionally Bunyanesque and comic quality about them; armed with almost allegorical innocence, virtue, and resourcefulness, Ike and Millie triumph over the manifold wickedness, danger, and misery that dog them every step of the way. Together, the two protagonists embody a number of those attributes traditionally celebrated in America's popular literature—optimism, self-reliance, ambition, shrewdness, and honesty. Millie, who, inexplicably but nonetheless convincingly, speaks as if literary salons—and not wilderness mining camps—were her natural estate, provides a sophisticated worldly wisdom that balances Ike's exuberant but naive romanticism. Mr. Wagoner has not attempted an especially large or weighty work here; still *The Road to Many a Wonder* is a consistently charming book, saved from banality or sentimentality by something ultimately uncompromising, intelligent, and hardheaded in the make-up of its heroes. Also, a number of secondary characters, most of them marked by laziness, cupidity, and a dangerous hunger for unearned rewards, are drawn with enough texture to give some depth and tension to the plot. Mr. Wagoner has drawn unabashedly on some of the more heartening impulses in American myth-making, and the book itself partakes of the same spirit of generosity and confidence that imparts energy and substance to the experience portrayed in it.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

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STREET GAMES
by Rosellen Brown
Doubleday, 288 pp., $6.95

Each of the fourteen short stories in this collection deals with the lives of the people living on a block in Brooklyn; George Street is one of those partially reclaimed rows of brownstones where the "upwardly mobile" middle class has begun to live in one-family homes side-by-side with poor blacks and Puerto Ricans crammed ten and twelve to a room in deteriorated rooming houses. Even the shortest of these works conveys something of what the reader can regard as the fundamental outline of a particular life. In "Gold," a little girl simply takes a walk through her neighborhood, and one feels as if one has participated not just in her fantasies but also in the total ambience of dirt and frustration from which she dreams of escaping. In another, longer story, the main character moves between the squalid and chaotic existence of a "commune" on George Street and her parents' townhouse in Brooklyn Heights ("wide as a brood hen under those sooty brick hackles;...Washington Square, the kind of house Henry James had in mind"). With sometimes brutal but consistently evocative imagery, Mrs. Brown manages to depict a particular strand in current parent-child relationships, a familiar brand of post-adolescent panic and disaffection, the violent self-pity of the girl's brilliant but aimless Puerto Rican boyfriend. Mrs. Brown's point of view is never merely spectatorial; even when the stories are told from an exterior perspective, one has a powerful sense of receiving knowledge about the complex substance of her characters' everyday experience—as they themselves perceive it. To be sure, Mrs. Brown concentrates almost unwaveringly on the stormier, more wrenching aspects of the experience of life represented, but her stories seek to enlarge rather than to diminish the people portrayed in them, and it is from this impulse of her writing that the primary seriousness and effectiveness derive. J.L.C.

"Next Tuesday after lunch I'm going to have sharp pains right here."

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

Once upon a time a booklover was a lover of books and a bedside book—well, a book beside your bed. No longer. These are the days of the swinging singles and the harried marrieds, the dubious doubles and the go-go ego. Sooner or later the old-fashioned booklover was bound to—well, go-go, too. He does not love his book the less, mind you; he just, like all the world, loves a lover more.

All this is by way of introducing you to something called Single Booklovers—a club in Swarthmore, Pa., which has the modest address of Box AE, and now has 750 members, at $12 a year per, and has them not only all around the country but also all over the globe. You don't necessarily join to meet authors, please note—authors, as all the world knows, are lousy lovers—you join to meet a fellow, or a woman, reader. You choose your partner, in other words, on the basis, not of looks, but books.

We talked to Mrs. Robert (Ruth) Leach, who runs the club, and asked her how it began. "My husband," she said, "started it in September 1970. He was a widower and felt there was a need for this sort of club." How, we interrupted, did she and her husband meet? We were determined, you see, to get to the spicy part. "We met," she said, "at a Singles Parent dance."

Oh, we said.

"My husband is an engineer," Mrs. Leach went on. "He had been to a conference of Formerly Married People in Wallingford, Connecticut."

Of what? we interrupted again.

"Of Formerly Married People," she said. "You don't know much about this, do you?"

No, we said sadly. We were born in Boston.

It was her turn to say "oh." "Anyway," she continued, "he used the thirty Formerly Married People as a sort of nucleus. But from the very beginning, he wanted it to be a culture thing—intellectual. So he decided it should be book-based. Anyone who is a booklover is basically an intellectual."

Basically, we agreed. "Both my husband and I," she proceeded, "are *voracious* readers." She paused meaningfully. What, we wanted to know, were they reading now? "I'm reading *Eleanor and Franklin,*" she said, "and *The Mind of Adolf Hitler.* Bob is reading *The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell.*"

Suppose, we asked hypothetically—we love to hypo interviews—I wrote in that I was reading Jacqueline Susann. Would I be eligible?

"Yes," she said. Then she stopped. "No," she said. "I shouldn't say yes right off. We send out a personal profile on which you must list your *five* favorite books. You also list sports and hobbies."

We figured, with Ms. Susann, we had already covered sports and hobbies, but Mrs. Leach didn't. "We try to find out whom you'd be culturally compatible with," she said. "Just reading one book wouldn't necessarily tell us that."

We asked if she had more women than men. "Yes," she admitted. "It's that percentage thing—you know, two to one. And as you get up toward the fifties, the ratio is even worse."

We were obviously confused. "Let me explain," Mrs. Leach said crisply. "A man over fifty would be very popular no matter what he reads. The same would hold true for a woman under thirty. Let me read you one of our profiles." She rustled some papers. "Here," she said. "Here's a man who is fifty-three—Rhode Island. His favorite books are *Hawaii, The Source, Doctor Zhivago, Aku-Aku, The Affluent Society,* and *Wheels.*"

Ah, we said, the guy was rich and had an automobile. "No," Mrs. Leach said firmly. "You don't go by that alone. You go by the questions on the profile." She read me one. "If interested in marriage, what qualities would you look for in a prospective partner?" The man had answered, "Honesty, sense of humor, acuity, health, and physical attraction."

Ha! we said. Aku-acuity. Mrs. Leach ignored us. "Or this one," she read. "What two things disturb you the most about today?" To this the man had replied, "The something-for-nothing attitude" and "inflation." After "What two things please you the most?" the man had written, "The cooling of the campus unrest" and "broadening our educational base."

Mrs. Leach also read me the profile of a 26-year-old girl from Middletown, N.Y. Her favorite books were Sylvia Ashton-Warner's book on organic teaching, poetry "by many different poets," *The Trying Out,* and Emerson's *Essays.* She was interested in a man who was "a strong personality, straightforward, decisive, relaxed with himself but able to be flexible and open-minded."

The girl need look no further, we decided. It was us in a nutshell. But marriage, we decided, was out of the question. The club, you see, already has had 12 marriages. Who would want to be the thirteenth? □

"Of course you're going through an identity crisis—you're a chameleon."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 13

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 40.

W X N L - W P Z I Q L Q Z X
X Y P K N X W R W G U
W P Z I Q L Q Z X U G M X I
C X U C N X S Q G M U R G
K N R W M Q Y F.

W M P S

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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Energy Shortage Spurs Expansion of Nuclear Fission

The inertial force that has slowly been carrying nuclear energy into the bloodstream of industrial societies has been accelerated by last winter's energy crisis and the continuing shortage. In all but a few countries, considerations of environment, health, and safety have been submerged in the rush for greater self-sufficiency. Members of the European Community reportedly are looking with approval on a plan drawn up by its commission that would increase dependence on nuclear-power reactors from 1.5 percent of total energy today to 17.5 percent in 1985. This would mean a further 24 percent increase in generating capacity over the figures shown in the table.

In the United States, which already had a large expansion program scheduled, acceleration has taken the form not so much of increasing the projected number of nuclear plants as of trying to reduce the time required to build them—from an average of ten years to six years. This would be accomplished primarily by standardizing nuclear plants and designating sites well in advance of design approval.

Of all the countries of Europe, France has reacted to the oil crisis most precipitously in terms of accelerating its nuclear program. Having raised its goals only last year, the French government raised them again in March of this year; with a Westinghouse subsidiary, it placed the largest order for nuclear power ever recorded: 12 units each of 900,000 kilowatt capacity, plus options for four more. The then-premier, Pierre Messmer, announced that nuclear-generating plants begun in the next two years would equal France's total steam-generating capacity in 1972.

Sites for all 16 reactors have been chosen: 4 will be on the Rhône near Pierrelatte, 4 on the Doubs at Dampierre, 4 on the Channel near Dunkerque, 2 on the upper Rhine at Fessenheim, and 2 on the Gironde near Bordeaux. Though environmentalists registered mild protest, the energy crisis apparently dissolved serious opposition.

In the field of breeder reactors, the French boast of "taking the lead in the Western world." Last December, five years after ground-breaking, the first breeder-reactor power plant was linked into Electricité de France. The plant is a pilot, to be tested for a year before the first commercial breeder reactor is built. The United States, the Soviet Union, and Britain have comparable installations.

Japan, of all industrialized countries the most vulnerable to a petroleum cutback and the most severely jolted by the events of last winter, has been spurred to accelerate its reactor program. Japan's present nuclear plants use General Electric boiling-water reactors or Westinghouse pressurized-water reactors, generally considered the most efficient, well tested, and economical of those now in operation. They are nonetheless controversial.

The Japanese government is much interested in the prospects of the high-temperature, gas-cooled reactor (though it is not yet in operation on a commercial scale), because it is thought to be more efficient for industrial use. More important from an environmental point of view, it causes fewer problems in handling radioactive waste and would avoid thermal pollution in rivers and coastal fishing areas.

Environmental and safety aspects of nuclear-power generation have been highly controversial issues in Japan, aggravating problems of plant siting. Now objections have been somewhat muted, and gas-cooled reactors would further ease the siting difficulties.

Germany, too, is attracted to high-temperature reactors, and for the same reasons. But there is another, less desirable characteristic of high-temperature reactors: they require highly enriched uranium of the kind used for bombs.

The Federal Republic's already-sizable nuclear-power program has not been expanded recently, except for an agreement in principle with the Soviet Union, which would appear to give Germany the best of all possible worlds. It will build four 1,300-megawatt power stations on Soviet territory, of which two near Kaliningrad (Königsberg) will

PRESENT AND PROJECTED NUCLEAR POWER CAPACITY

	January 1974		December 1980		December 1985	
	billions of watts	*number of plants*	*billions of watts*	*number of plants*	*billions of watts*	*number of plants*
United States[1]	32.4 (26.4)	54 (44)	130 (102)	155	300 (250)	310
Soviet Union	2.6	9	15	25		
Japan	3.1	7	32	40	60	65
Canada	2.5	6	7.5	13		
Sweden[2]	.4	1	8	11	16	19
United Kingdom	5.6	14[3]	11.8	19[4]	30	38
France	2.8	11	13.5	23	50[5]	47
Germany	2.3	11	20	30	40	46
Italy	.6	3	6	9	18	21
Community Total	12.2	42	56.8	90	153	172
Western Europe (less EC and Sweden)	2.0	6	22	31	42	51
Eastern Europe	.6	3	8	19		
Asia (less Japan)	.9	5	5	12		
Latin America	.3	1	2.7	5		
World Total	57.0	134.0	287.0	401.0		

Source. Commission of the European Community.

[1]The dubious accuracy of this table (which is nevertheless the most comprehensive available) is suggested by the figures in parentheses, which show present capacity and number of licensed plants, according to official U.S. sources. The best estimates for nuclear-power capacity in 1980 and 1985 have recently been revised downward as indicated. Figures for other countries are also open to question, but the discrepancies are smaller.
[2]Figures for Sweden—not given in the EC document—have been inserted.
[3]Consisting of 28 reactors.
[4]Consisting of 39 reactors.
[5]French capacity in 1985 has been corrected to reflect a recent decision to add a further output of 13 billion watts.

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transmit power back to West Germany.

Since last autumn, Spain has made a total commitment to nuclear energy for future electric generation and has ordered five plants. In Italy, which has not built a nuclear-power plant since 1969, two new reactors have been ordered (one using boiling water, the other using pressurized water), but siting is proving difficult. In Switzerland, after extended controversy, the energy shortage clearly helped to win final approval for a nuclear plant on the Rhône near Geneva.

In Britain the energy shortage has not led to decisions in favor of expansion but has accelerated to the critical stage a three-year-old debate on where the nation should be heading. Its nuclear-energy program has been a bitter disappointment. The first generation of power reactors was not very efficient, and not one of the second-generation reactors (the first of which was ordered in 1965) is operating properly. While many Britons have wished to postpone making choices until this or that technology is more fully proved, the fuel shortage has convinced others that a decision must be made now.

That decision is essentially the one General de Gaulle faced in 1970: whether to drive ahead with a homegrown system of gas-cooled reactors that is not working efficiently or to turn to the light-water reactors developed in the United States. For Britain, the issue involves national pride, a large commitment of money and brainpower to a particular technology, and the importance of foreign sales to her balance of payments; also at issue in the debate is the widespread belief that the pressurized-water reactor (PWR) is inherently unsafe. Many disagree, including the Central Electricity Generating Board, which wants to build 18 of them before 1979, under license from Westinghouse. The European Community also hopes that Britain will opt for light-water reactors, because this will facilitate collaboration and procurement among the nine members. But last winter a subcommittee of the House of Commons Select Committee on Science and Technology opposed the plan until the safety of the PWR is proven "beyond all reasonable doubt."

That is not likely to happen any time soon, and those who counsel delay are increasingly on the defensive.

The Swedes, no less than the British, are convinced that major reliance on nuclear energy is unavoidable, and for a country that aspires to political neutrality in all things, nuclear independence is even more important. Sweden's nuclear program, too, has suffered setbacks, but by next year it is expected to have four plants operating, plus seven more by 1980.

Remarkably, at the height of the energy crisis last winter, plans for tripling nuclear-power capacity between 1980 and 1990 were at least temporarily shelved. In the face of public uneasiness over safety and environmental impact, the government postponed for a year any decision about nuclear-power development beyond 1980.

Thus, of the industrialized countries, only Sweden is pausing to weigh the broader implications of large-scale reliance on nuclear power. Some of the other countries are plunging ahead with little concern, some are debating which technology to follow, and some are having siting problems. But for all, an age of massive dependence on nuclear power seems to be moving in with the inevitability of a glacier. In the United States, which has not had a congressional debate or a vote on nuclear power for 20 years, an additional 163 plants are being built or are on order. By 1985 there will be about 900 nuclear plants throughout the world. Despite the well-articulated fears of many informed people, public discussion has been superficial almost everywhere, and what may be the most important decision of this half-century seems to have been made by default.

THE COMPETITION IN NUCLEAR FUEL

Europe originally adopted nuclear technology using natural uranium precisely so that it would be independent of the United States as a source of fuel. As natural uranium has generally proven inefficient, the Europeans have determinedly sought to ensure their own capacity for uranium enrichment.

At enormous cost, France is planning a second enrichment plant, using the well-established gaseous diffusion method. It is a slow process and so extravagant of energy that four nuclear reactors will be required just to provide the facility with the required electricity. To help defray the $1.4 billion cost, France has been exerting maximum leverage on its neighbors to buy "futures" in its later production of enriched uranium, promised in 1979. It has formed a fragile combine called Eurodif, with Italy, Belgium, Spain, and Sweden.

Meanwhile, Britain, West Germany, and the Netherlands have been working jointly for many years—and formally since 1971 in Urenco, Ltd.—to develop the cheaper, but still untested, gas-centrifuge method of uranium enrichment. This consortium was shaken recently by an announcement by the Atomic Energy Commission that the United States had developed a centrifuge method roughly ten times more efficient than its own. A decision by two large U.S. industrial combines is expected next month on whether a separation plant using the new technology will be built. If all the projected capacity for manufacturing enriched uranium reaches the production stage early in the next decade, competition for the lucrative market will be intense.

Now a new uncertainty has entered international calculations. A way may be found—some say that the Israelis have already found it—to enrich uranium by laser at vastly lower cost and higher efficiency. If so, it could mean that billions have been invested in obsolete technology. Because of the greater efficiency of the laser, it could also mean a lessened demand for natural uranium. This would affect one of the principal arguments for the breeder reactor, namely, that it will conserve the dwindling supply of natural uranium.

Some Non-Defaulters

In the United States there are indications that relative public indifference to issues of nuclear-power policy may be changing. Items:

- Before both the House and the Senate are bills that would declare a moratorium on nuclear-power development until all aspects can be re-appraised by Congress's Office of Technology Assessment.
- The Task Force Against Nuclear Pollution, Inc., 153 E Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003, is coordinating the efforts of local citizen groups to collect Clean Energy Petitions and to force congressional incumbents and candidates to reconsider nuclear power.
- The Nuclear Safety Legal & Scientific Defense Fund, Inc., just formed by public-service attorney Anthony Roisman, will act through government agencies and the courts to seek denial of construction permits or operating licenses for nuclear reactors and will try to shut down those believed to have the most demonstrably serious safety problems and deficient quality control.
- Following the lead of several scientific and environmental groups, the Environmental Protection Agency has adjudged the AEC's four-volume environmental-impact statement on the breeder reactor to be "inadequate."

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

My Son, the Doctor-Lawyer

Years ago when a young man who was graduated from law school had no connections to get into a big law firm, he began practice in an office that was said to be in his hat.

He was known in the legal racket as an "ambulance chaser."

That is, he would run to the scene of an automobile accident, would look down at his prostrate prospective client, and would tell him to lie perfectly still and leave it to his new lawyer to collect damages, even if the case had to go to the highest court in the land.

Not any more. Not since Watergate. Now there are so many switches in one day's sworn testimony to the next, one ambivalence following another, that swarms of lawyers are called on every day as each ambivalence rears its ugly head.

These lawyers are known in the legal racket as "ambivalence chasers."

This is definitely the "Year of the Lawyers." Last year was the "Year of China." (Remember Ping-Pong?) It was also the "Year of Russia." (Remember wheat?) Although 1974 was planned to be the "Year of Europe," it was changed to the "Year of Michigan." (Next day's meeting of the White House staff: "All right, who was the wise guy who advised me that Michigan was safe for Republicans?")

Ambivalences, ambivalences. But once in a great while they can have a happy ending.

Take the case of Harvey, a young man whose parents had always dreamed of the day when Harvey would become a doctor. To pay Harvey's tuition at medical school, his father had overworked himself into a medical case. A small price to pay for the day when Harvey would hang out his shingle, proclaiming he was ready to receive the halt and the lame, the high blood pressures and the low sugars.

But, alas, during his first year in medical college, Harvey began to feel he had no feel for feeling pulses. Besides, his handwriting was so legible that anyone could read his prescriptions at a glance. So he wrote to his father, saying he felt as unsuited to practicing medicine as Peter Falk would be to designing raincoats. Harvey added he would quit medicine and go to law school.

His father replied that over his dead body Harvey would quit medicine.

Nevertheless, and habeas corpus notwithstanding, Harvey hung up his long white coat and went to law school. A wise choice, considering that law schools today can't turn out lawyers fast enough to handle all those ambivalences.

Finally, Harvey had his legal diploma and hung out his shingle, proclaiming he was ready to receive the halt and the lame whose injuries resulted from automobile accidents.

I was no automobile accident when I visited Harvey, who had become quite successful, although I did have a small headache of a legal problem concerning a minor illegal nuisance I had suffered. It involved no money I would receive. We had a lengthy chat.

The next day I received a long letter from Harvey, telling me what I had told him and adding that he would get on it. "Meanwhile," the letter ended, "we would appreciate your sending me a retainer of $1,500."

That sent me to a doctor.

Next day. Harvey phoned to say he was going to the coast to see an important client about a big deal and while there he would drop in to see my small client, and he asked if I had a couple of funny stories he could tell his important client, who always expected him to come up with some new stories. So I told him a couple of stories.

A week later he phoned to say that my stories had gone over big and that he was now ready to handle my case. But could I send the $1,500 retainer?

Posthaste I replied that writers also have retainers and that my two stories were $750 each. We were even.

Posthaste he wrote a long, nasty lawyer-letter, most of which concerned his legal opinion that my stories were not all that funny to be worth that much.

Talk about ambivalence! In keeping with the new style of law, Doctor-Lawyer Harvey was not arguing the merits of my case anymore; he was now sullying my renowned, self-anointed reputation as a humorist.

I could use any of you as witness to the quality of my two stories, but they would lose something in the translation and would make dull reading, so heavily sprinkled with (expletives) and/or (characterizations) deleted. □

"Set twenty-eight places, Mom. I brought my commune home for dinner."

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The Gulls in Miami

The pool at the Taj Mahal (that's not the hotel's name, though I can't imagine why not) was crowded. This is rare at a Miami Beach hotel; it is usually the rows and rows and rows of sun chaises that are crowded, a sardined sea of lotioned, oiled, and sizzling skins. Ordinarily, a pool in Miami is occupied by a few young Tarzans (pretty girls would not dream of disarranging coiffures concocted for the night's "gala"), a few determined weight removers—and me.

This time, I had to swim through a motley shoal of human *pisces*. A plump, pretty matron brought me to a halt. She was doing a cautious dog paddle in the shallow end of the pool. A frizzy, fuchsia beach cap protected her hair. Not for a moment did the lady imperil her makeup in the water. As she dog-paddled, she kept staring into the cerulean sky.

Next to her was a Nordic male, one-half her girth, head also above water, doing a circumspect breaststroke. He wore a heavy gold-link bracelet on one wrist, and he, too, was gazing into the sky.

I stood up in the three-feet-deep water and surveyed the heavens. No planes flew above, streaming their customary advertisements for ointments, horse races, jai alai, or even hot pastrami, the *ne plus ultra* of local cuisine. What I did see were several sea gulls, all white grace, wings extended, gliding down their invisible skyway.

"Oh, lover, observe those two," said the female paddler, her enunciation as meticulous as that of the winner of an elocution contest in Weehawken.

"I see them, sweetheart," her half-mate answered. (*He* could have been a Berlitz instructor.)

"I hope they will come somewhat lower," said Sweetheart.

"So do I," said Lover.

"If we are lucky, they will come close enough for us to observe their features!"

"That is true, sweetheart."

"We must be patient. If these two do not descend, sooner or later—"

"Some others will!"

"I feel confident of that."

The three of us maintained our vigil (though the enamored couple remained utterly unaware of me). The two gulls vanished . . . and then a trio came soaring down, to drift, sublime in dignity, not more than 20 feet above us. My co-sentinels stopped paddling and stood upright, faces fixed upward.

"Oh, oh," Sweetheart murmured.

"They are but *yards* away," said Lover.

"Are they not *beau*tiful?"

"They are very beautiful."

"I regard them as the most beautiful creatures in existence!"

"I believe that is true."

"Such grace . . . ," said Sweetheart.

"Such *e*legance . . . ," said Lover.

Lost in their rapture, the lovebirds watched every degree of the trajectory traversed by the gulls, which slowly, occasionally, flapped, then arched, turning in a 45-degree tilt, leveling off in liquid silence to drift west on the road to the sun.

"Lover," sighed Sweetheart, "that alone was worth our entire journey."

"I agree with that."

"I just *knew* I would like Miami Beach."

"Despite the unkind things certain people have told us."

"The Millers," she scoffed.

"Betsy Connor," he snorted.

"Jack and Julie!"

"Marcelle Garrett!"

"They were all wrong," said Sweetheart.

"Definitely," said Lover, "*def*initely wrong."

"They are not the type to appreciate the beauties that there are to behold, if you just *look* for and at them."

"Like the sunrise . . . ," smiled Lover.

"Oh, that *sun*set . . . ," crooned Sweetheart.

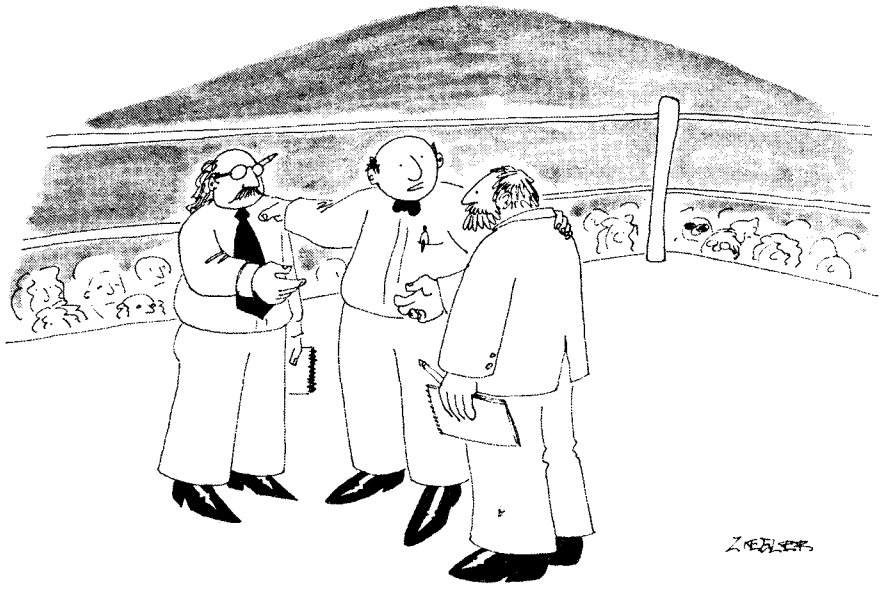
"The blue, blue sea . . . ."

"And above all—the sea gulls!" Sweetheart started to mount the steps out of the pool and then turned. "Lover, I believe I would never have *understood* those birds the way I do now—"

"I, too."

"—because of reading that book."

WELL, BIRD AND BOOK LOVERS, I have not read *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*; nor, despite the colloquy I have faithfully recounted, do I think I shall. □



"Okay, you two, shake hands and remember—stay within the iambic pentameter, no hitting below the octave, and keep your couplets clean."

WIT TWISTER NO. 24
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when re-arranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answer on page 40.

She nibbles through the ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ with sharp teeth
To ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ the wholesome kernel underneath.
A hungry ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ like hers awakes her brood,
Who at her ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ find their familiar food.

A. S.

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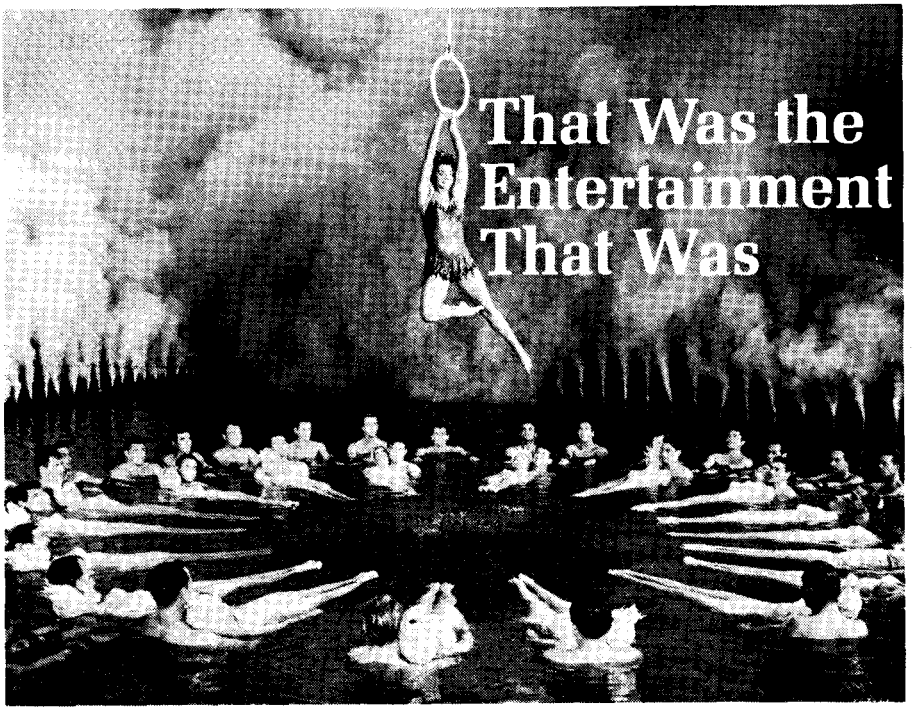

by Hollis Alpert

I once held on rather playfully to a theory that it was not necessarily the director's skill that made a classic movie, but merely time. Let a movie hang around long enough in its can, then let it see the light of a screen, and sure enough, it's a classic. Some movies may have to be returned to the shelf for further aging and mellowing, but generally 25 to 30 years is sufficient. I failed to develop the theory into a scholarly thesis fit for publication in *Sight and Sound* and *Film Culture*, but my interest in it has been revived by a delightful compilation called *That's Entertainment!*, put together almost single-handedly by Jack Haley, Jr., on behalf of the all-but-defunct MGM studio.

It was MGM, more than any other studio, that developed the movie musical to the pinnacle of what was once termed *kitsch*, then called Pop Art, and now that the requisite period of time has passed, can be accorded the accolade of "art—Hollywood style." MGM made most if its musicals during the years 1929 to 1958, after which it pretty much scuttled the form because of rising expense and failing public interest. *That's Entertainment!* gives us segments and sequences (with present-day interpolations and reminiscences by some of the participants) from several dozen prime and classic examples. The show goes on for more than two hours, and I don't know of any better show around.

Seeing the best numbers from movies such as *Broadway Melody, Dancing Lady, Born to Dance, Meet Me in St. Louis, Rose Marie, Singin' in the Rain, Three Little Words,* and *Neptune's Daughter* is a little like seeing one's past speed before one's eyes. And time has improved each and every one. I remember being vastly bored by those MGM "swimmacles" starring the muscularly pretty Esther Williams, but no longer. It's now clear that Mark Spitz was born a couple of generations too late. What a consort he would have made for Miss Williams!

The quality of imagination in those musicals was like no other at any other time. Dependent not at all on concert-hall or operatic music (except for an occasional aria by Jeanette MacDonald or Mario Lanza), nor on classical or modern ballet, the style was strictly Culver City. In fact, one of the last, *Gigi,* seems the least classic—not only because it has not aged long enough, according to my theory, but also because the words and music are more Broadway than Hollywood. It's the dancing that charms in most of these musicals, and I was a little surprised to notice that much of it was based on the kind called "tap." The best of the practitioners were, of course, Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly. Astaire is all elegance of line, while Kelly is grace and athleticism. Their limitations of means only seemed to spur them on to greater invention and daring.

MGM used to boast that it had "more stars than there are in the heavens," a typical Hollywood exaggeration of the period, but the list of performers in *That's Entertainment!* is imposing nevertheless: Judy Garland, naturally, and also Eleanor Powell, Lena Horne, Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Jean Harlow, Jimmy Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Ginger Rogers, and more and more. Judy Garland is first found in a short called *La Fiesta Santa Barbara;* she was then Frances, one of the three Gumm Sisters.

Whatever happened to the Hollywood musical? The last one we got was *Mame,* and it'll take at least 50 years to make that one a classic. First of all, television happened; then, in response, Hollywood tried to become adult, mature, and intelligent—and musicals were not designed to be either mature or intelligent, although adults loved them as much as children. They were made for a broad public and for a moviegoing habit. The habit became TV watching, and the big, broad public ventured out only seldom to see a movie.

But is it only nostalgia that is responsible for the sheer pleasure in *That's Entertainment!,* or did those musicals possess ingredients missing from today's screen entertainment? It wasn't the plots. Haley proves that by skillfully editing together scenes from ten different shows starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, all with the same plot and only minor variations. What they did have was a kind of expertise. The comedy was zesty if not witty or brilliant. The personalities . . . well, they *were* personalities, and a good many of them had style. There is still only one Astaire. There is no dewy-eyed ingenue around to match the youthful Leslie Caron. No one to express the fierce joy of newfound love like Gene Kelly. The time was not one of innocence, but the musicals expressed innocence, and they were based firmly, not on reality, but on fantasy.

If there was sex in the musicals, it was so muted as to be unnoticeable. For it, something called beauty was substituted, and, of course, romance. Do we really prefer the violence and sexuality of today's movies? Is the splattering of blood, the motivationless killing, the casual fornication of the modern film to be preferred to the dream world of the old musical? If so, the change in tastes over the past quarter-century

(Continued on page 44.)

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Two Prayers for Parenthood

A Poem for Benn's Graduation From High School

Whenever I have an appointment to see the assistant
principal about my son again, if they will keep
him (which no one wants to and sometimes I)
it is always at 9:00 impossible o'clock A.M.

It is at least 20 years since I made it to
9:00 unbearable o'clock A.M. from the south side of sleep.
My one way there is the polar route over the Late Late
hump of the swozzled world's chain-smoking fog.

I do not seek these differences between me and
assistant whomevers. I am confined to them. Bit
by bit the original wiring of my nervous system
has been converted to solid-state insomnia.

It does no good now to reverse the leads or to try
reprinting the circuits. At 9:00 paralyzed o'clock
A.M., in the name of what can despair and still
attend, I nod to the repetitions of the assistant

whomness. We are both dull as the Mudville choir
flatting platitudes. I could by now have been drunk,
enough possibly to doze. I do not need
to be stoned sleepless to know this boy is

difficult but more possible than this assistant
who-bah brisking me to ideal endeavor, community
cooperation, and the general detritus of the white
man's burden after the wreck of the Hesperus and

the spread of the Dutch-elm beetle, which floated
ashore in logs ordered to be the ridge beams of
Wiley's Cozy Corner Sunset Rest Motel (local
residents only after previous identification)—

or as the bus driver between Victoria and Russell
(Kansas) ritualized at the end of the line:
"Last stop. Kindly let all those going out first."
(I have been free-associating past the assistant whom

and the blanks thereof. I might as well have been
inhaling Richard M. Nixon, the elephant's
capo dei capi, or some other maunder.) My son
is bored incommunicado. I am drafted to boredom

and must answer by name, rank, and serial number. It
ends. He, still sinus-smelling last night's pot,
goes off to his American-Dream-and-After
Seminar. I go for two eggs up with bacon at Joe's,

garden for two hours, stir and reject the mail, and
doze off just in time for the 4:30 P.M. Great-Great-
Master-Marvel-Universal-Premiere (no reruns ever)
Movie, which is all about carefully covered crotches.

When I wake to the trembling of the last, symbolized,
plagiarized, living-color veil, I find my son half
asleep in the other polar route chair to 9:00 inedible
o'clock A.M. "Well?" I say. "Hello, you old bastard,"
he says. So ends the trial of all assistant
whomnesses. Ours is no summary justice. We have
deliberated and found them guilty of being
exactly themselves. It does not, finally,

take much saying. There has even been time
to imagine we have said,"Goddamn it, I love you,"
and to hear ourselves saying it, and to pause
to be terrified by *that* thought and its possibilities.

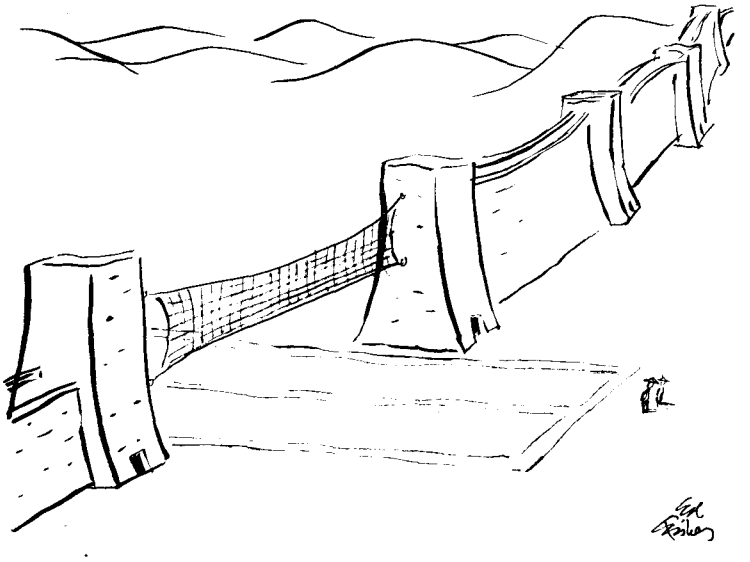
A Prayer to the Mountain

Of the electric guitar as a percussion instrument
and of my son who wails 12 hours an animal day
in the stoned cellar of my house I sing, oh pot head baby,
from the rock rolled Nine Sisters classic crag group
hit album featuring The Body Counts in "I'm Blowing It Now"
from "Don't Have to Have a Reason Till I Stop."

And pray to you, Apollo, first of indulgent fathers
to weep a thunderstruck son down from the high hots
on more horsepower than God could let run
and not fear. And also as the angel who backed
The Nine Sisters to all-time superstardom
on warehouses full of gold millionth albums
and a tax structure that could have saved England.

As you watched Daedalus once watch his boy down
from a high beyond warning, watched and remembered Phaëthon
trailing a sky-scar, watched the man watch,
his eyes wind-watered but holding himself to flight-trim,
balancing slow, cold turns down the hot shaft
the boy plunged, and hover at last too late
over the placeless water that had taken and closed. . .

Grant us, father, not a denial of energy,
its space-trip spree above environment,
but a rest of purposes after the seized seizure,
the silence after the plunge without the plunge,
a fulfillment not necessarily final,
an excursion, not from, but to one another.
—I ask as a son in thy son's name for my son. □



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Music

New-Old Bernstein, Old-New Strauss

by Irving Kolodin

Since Leonard Bernstein is unlikely to write a 50-minute score to be performed only as ballet, the premiere of *Dybbuk*, with choreography by Jerome Robbins, is of interest to the world of music, especially to that part of it which relates to the concert hall. The premiere in the New York State Theater during the New York City Ballet's Lincoln Center season left little doubt that Bernstein's part of the long-planned, often-postponed project is both a stylistic departure for him and a sizable creative achievement.

He has turned away totally from the multimedia methods of *Mass* to produce what is without question the most carefully considered and successfully crafted of his mature scores. The germinal elements are derived from vocal and dance materials of Hasidic character that come into the work from the outset.

As a totality the score serves beautifully its primary functional purpose. That is, to energize Robbins's variations on the story (celebrated in Jewish lore) of the dead spirit of a disappointed lover that invades the body of his beloved and claims her for his own. The use of the word *variations* is specific and general, for the work is known to some who participated in its preparations as *The Dybbuk Variations*, and the eleven danced segments contain three major sections described as "variations." There is little doubt—though no score or analysis is thus far available—that Bernstein has paralleled such practice in his writing. The mournful tune of the opening dance is heard again and again in a variety of guises, and the chanted reprise of a baritone (David Johnson) and bass (John Ostendorf) is also repeated.

But the most gratifying stylistic departure for Bernstein is his willingness to commit a substantial part of the work's effect to delicately scored, lyrically alive, and rhythmically varied patterns at a low level of volume. The interchanges of winds and strings in overlapping patterns of imitation make for a consistently interesting and varied texture. The strong feeling for spiritual involvement that made his early *Jeremiah* Symphony and his more recent *Chichester Psalms* arresting is again present, but with a new freedom of impulse and assurance of means.

As is inevitable in a pattern of action that takes in "Angelic Messengers," "Invocation of the Kaballah," and an "Exorcism," there is also a fair share of clamorous, percussively scored, and rhythmically potent dramatic music. The prototype for such wide-ranging contrast of the delicately lyric and the savagely dramatic is, of course, Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps*, of which Bernstein the conductor is a celebrated master. I would say that Bernstein the composer has reacted to it in a spirit of emulation rather than imitation and, for the most part, with a result of his own.

The men and women of the New York City Ballet's resident orchestra are widely esteemed as virtuoso performers of a repertory that ranges from Brahms to Bartók, Weill to Webern, with Stravinsky an "in house" specialty. But they have rarely achieved the brilliantly precise, sharply articulated results heard in *Dybbuk*. They had, of course, been indoctrinated in it from the outset by Bernstein. The initial performances under his direction gave the best of the score a sheen of clarity that still leaves a mental glow.

The old-new Richard Strauss of the same week was the first performance ever in New York of the Hugo von Hofmannsthal-Max Reinhardt collaboration that produced a premiere of *Ariadne auf Naxos* preceded by Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* at Stuttgart in 1912. Both elements have, of course, their separate identities (*Ariadne* in the expanded form afterward contrived by Strauss and Hofmannsthal), but no resident New York company has ever had the dramatic and musical resources to parallel either Sir Thomas Beecham's first London production (1913) of Somerset Maugham's translation of the play with Herbert Tree as Jourdain and a first-class singing cast for *Ariadne*, or his later one at Glyndebourne in 1950 (where a new, less-privileged generation had to settle for Miles Malleson as Jourdain and a modest complement of singers). That it was the Juilliard School which stepped into the breach is an indication of how greatly its resources have expanded since it moved to Lincoln Center.

With a theater suitably large for the purpose and a Drama Division (of which John Houseman is the director) to complement its American Opera Center (of which Peter Herman Adler is the director), it provided a vista of the multiple enjoyments of this delectable dish to verify its repute as a connoisseur's delight. Needless to say, with the latitude of requirements that Strauss and Hofmannsthal permitted themselves, the results for even the most skilled professionals might range from fair to admirable before arriving at such upper levels as excellent or outstanding or verging on perfection. The Juilliard venture was definitely in the admirable category, in the responsiveness of both casts to the direction of Gerald Freedman and the artful exposition by the student orchestra—incipient virtuosos all—of one of Strauss's most fanciful scores.

Martha Swope

Bernstein (left) and Robbins—Stylistic departure, energized variation.

As Jourdain, Steven Vinovich showed a burgeoning flair for refined vulgarity that could take him far in his career. Some might object that the hugely ornate sturgeon, larks, and salmon that Robert Yodice introduced to the service of the banquet were overpowering for Strauss's delicately satiric music. But they suited this Jourdain perfectly.

The famously challenging music that Strauss wove into the fulfillment of Jourdain's directive that the Greek allegory and the *commedia dell' arte* skit be performed *simultaneously* (in order to leave time for the fireworks display later in the evening) remained challenges rather than fulfillments for the young performers. Syble Young showed a high-lying, well-disciplined voice to confront the difficulties of Zerbinetta's long, intricate aria, as did Paula Seibel in her turn on the following evening. Esther Hinds sang much of Ariadne's music beautifully, and Roberta Palmer, who succeeded her, belied her lack of experience (this was her stage debut) to make much of a solidly centered soprano sound. □

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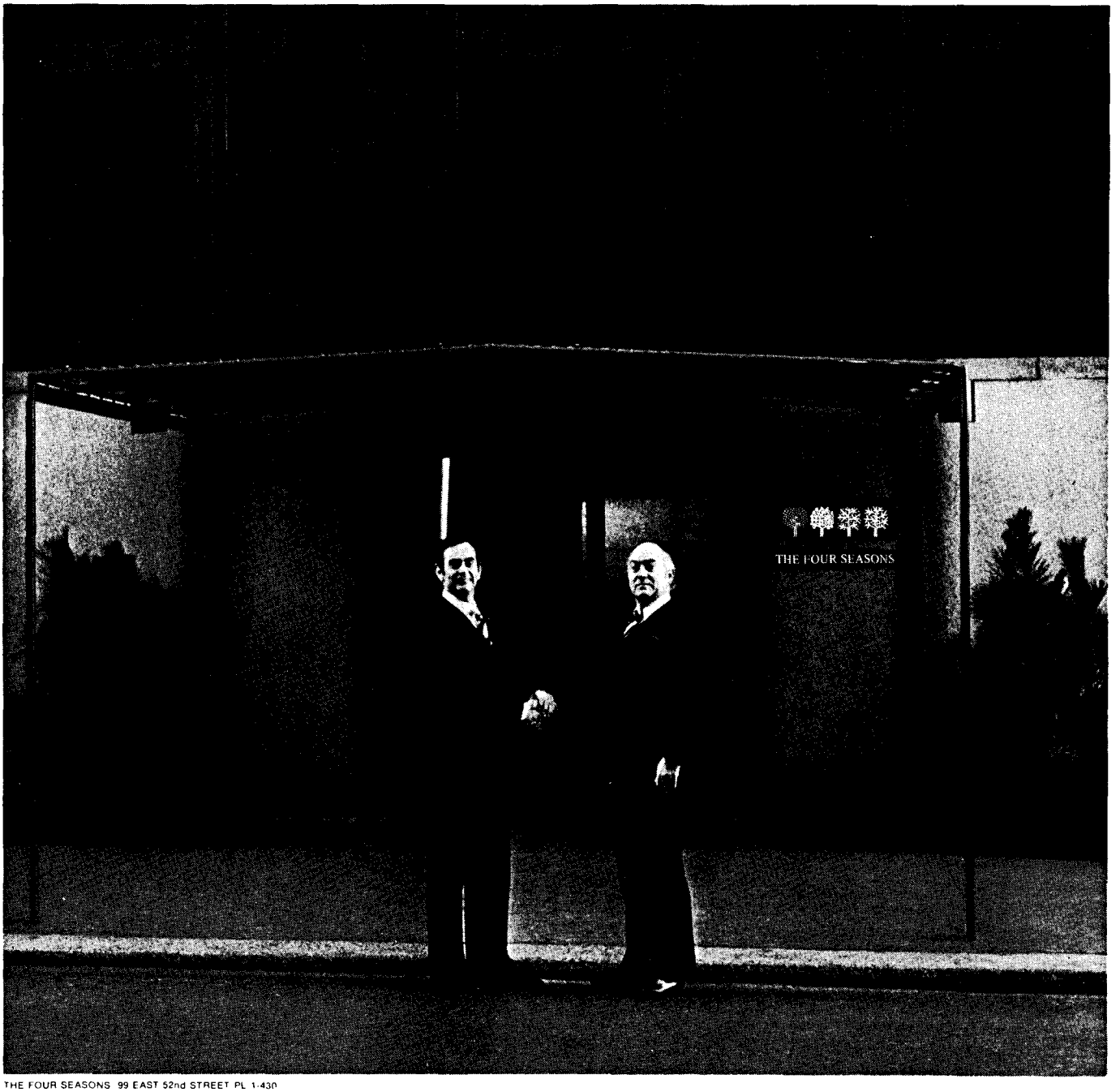

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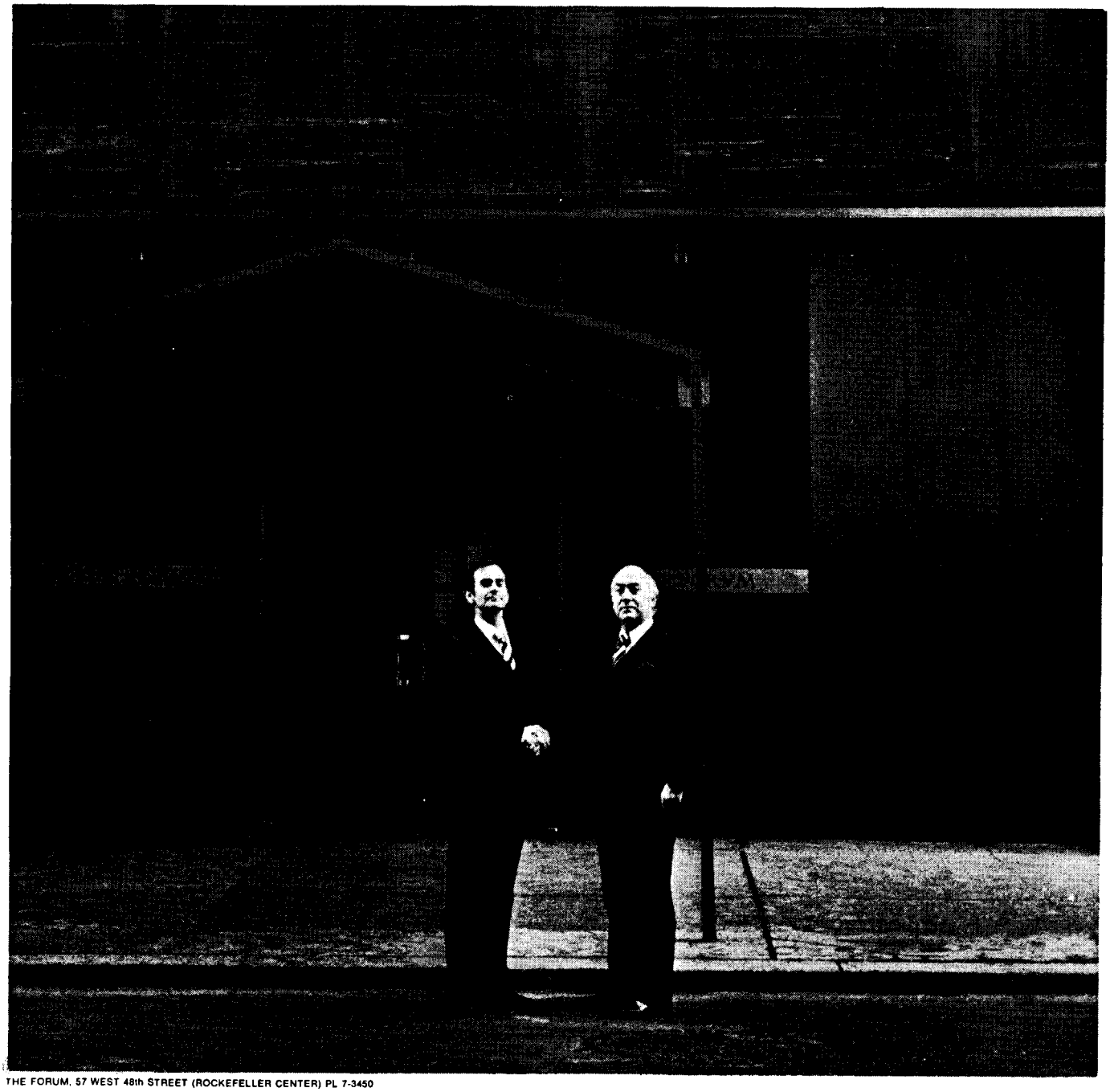

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Paul Kovi

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Almost an Island

by Horace Sutton

For those who set out in deliberate search of it, Breton culture will prove a will-o'-the-wisp grail. Its presence is known, the evidences are there, but they seem, as the decades unfold, one upon the other, to be less evident to the eye. The province does, to be sure, jut out markedly into the Atlantic, and Brittany, in language and in ethnic origins, is related to Wales; in appearance —as British visitors will attest—it resembles the Cornish coast.

Britons from the blessed isles, pushed by the Anglo-Saxons, emigrated cross-channel to the peninsula called Armor in the fifth and sixth centuries, and their special language, their superstitious ways, the starched white coifs worn by women, flourished as hallmarks of a separate culture until at last, in the fifteenth century, the peninsula was annexed to France.

Slowly the old ways eroded, although there remains a union for the defense of the Breton language. An infinitesimal part of the population maintain separatist views. There are those who say that France, as it imposed its language and its Gallic overlay on this maritime province, abandoned the Breton people and left them to flounder, bereft of their culture, in a world that was French and economically disinterested. A nineteenth-century French historian termed Brittany "almost an island"; others have called its people unsuited to industry, but it is more believable to consider that Brittany's relatively remote locale was a difficult land to serve with the power necessary to industrialize it.

The evidences of the problems of the Breton people are on plain view around the Gare Montparnasse in Paris, where the sturdy farmhands came to find work. Like the European immigrants who arrived in New York harbor, the Bretons settled where they disembarked. The gin mills, the small hotels, and the little shops bear the names of Brittany—Guingamp, Quimper, and Duchesse Anne, that redoubtable lady who twice married kings of France—Charles VIII in 1491 and, when he died, Louis XII. Bretons who have emigrated to far-off New York choose a queen every year, who reigns as La Duchesse Anne. Breton societies flourish in all parts of France where the Bretons went to find work. And in summer the religious pardons and the folklore festivals in the motherland of the peninsula stir the skirling of the bagpipes, bring the costumes out of the closets, and send the processions parading along ancient streets.

To view the menhirs or the dolmens, two types of ancient ceremonial stones of certain age that are still to be seen in Brittany, one can tool around the back roads bouncing in and out of potholes, as I found myself doing the other morning. Such an expedition will require the services of a knowledgeable guiding hand. Michelin's green guide for Brittany, published in English, does provide some turn-here, turn-there directions, which may prove useful for the dogged and the determined.

Having little form, the old stones would be of small interest to those who are not rock hounds, archaeologists, or other pursuers of ancient cultures. For those who include themselves in those categories, the menhirs are from 4,000 to 5,500 years old and were often astronomically arranged, or so they often appear to be. The dolmens, not nearly so ancient—the most recent is probably 3,000 years old—are believed to be parts of buried chambers.

The largest of the menhirs lies in broken pieces at Locmariaquer, probably weighing about 350 tons, taken together. Carnac displays the most interesting arrangement of menhirs. Both towns lie along the south, or Atlantic, coast, which, to my mind, is a more interesting stretch of the peninsula than the Channel-bordered shore. Here lies the small town of Belon, homeland of the revered oyster, and, near it, Pont-Aven, whose coif is considered one of the most beautiful in Brittany. Pont-Aven still remembers Paul Gauguin, who painted here before Tahiti called, and who became the leading light of the painters of the Pont-Aven school.

The Aven River, which once turned the mill wheels, flows through town, tumbling in headlong confusion past the very foundations of the Moulin Mosmadec, a pretty, if expensive, little restaurant. There, amid the masses of flowers, brass, and copper, one can dine on *Belon* oysters, of course (sometimes served stuffed with almonds), lobster flavored with tarragon, or a brochette of shellfish. A table d'hôte lunch or dinner will cost about $14, unless one chooses the stuffed oysters ($6.50 on the menu) or the lobster (about $15 without anything except a sprinkling of tarragon).

Concarneau is a walled city as well as a fishing port, which sends its fleet as far

Culver

La Duchesse Anne—Two French kings and a restaurant.

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as the waters of West Africa in search of tuna. Across the bay, awash in summer in its ideal combination of fish and seasonal visitors, sits pretty little Beg-Meil. There, on a rain-swept spring morning recently, I went down to watch the tiny fishing smacks, bobbing in the snug harbor of the old port, and the slicker-clad fishermen, aided by a frogman in full rig—modern ways are not lost on Breton folk—unloading their traps filled with lobsters. The hotels are modest in Beg-Meil, but the white Atlantic beaches are impressive—framed, stylishly, with stands of pine trees, which rise above the shaded carpets of rust-red pine needles.

The hotels in the old market town of Quimper offer little choice. The old reliable Hotel de L'Epée no longer rates even a listing in Michelin, which means it has descended into total ignominy. One would do best to drive a few kilometers out of town to put up at the Griffon, which opened in a suburban setting last year, complete with a heated swimming pool in the basement but, for reasons unexplained, unequipped with a restaurant. The giant shopping center around the corner can scarcely do less than summon thoughts of Nutley, N.J., which may not be the intention of travelers scouting the hinterlands of Brittany. In that case, it is worth rolling 11 kilometers down the Concarneau road to the Manoir du Moustoir at Saint-Evarzec, a medieval manor house plunked in the middle of 7 green hectares, which is to say, 17 acres. About all that is medieval inside the *manoir* is the standing suit of armor—no knight inhabits it—for the rooms and baths have been done with exquisite taste and modern plumbing. There are no meals here either, save for breakfast, although a swimming pool, if that is any help, is being installed. The management suggests a number of nearby places of nourishment—L'Huitrière, the Grand Hôtel on the port of Concarneau, the Manoir du Stang four kilometers away, and a pair of restaurants at Locronan.

Le Vicomte de Chateaubriand—Two careers and a trip.

Skipping down to Beg-Meil for a swim or a lobster is reasonable enough as ideas go, but Locronan lies on the far side of Quimper, near Douarnenez. At first look, Locronan seems a discovery, a minuscule burg of exquisite charm, put together of gray granite long ago and never touched. The square is a postcard marvel, but the first flush of rapture fades a little when one finds the weaving mill of the old India Company a repository of tourist geegaws, and the wood carver in an old studio grabbing a pair of scissors with which to snip out a silhouette of your profile the minute you stick your head inside the shop. The Hostellerie Au Fer à Cheval promises more on the outside than it delivers in decor within, but the fare is better than passable, especially the spicy clams no bigger than a thumbnail, and the *Belons*, of course, served open, but with lids put back on. The nicety of finger bowls has given way to *rince-doigts au citron vert*, paper packets similar to American Wash 'n Dri. We skipped dessert and walked down through the raindrops to a bakeshop to sample the flat Breton *galette*, made of sugar, eggs, butter, and flour, and the buttery, flaky tarts the Bretons call *amann kovign*.

Like Concarneau on the south shore, Douarnenez, tucked in a western bay, has grown large and ungainly, a cannery row for the sardines fished by a fleet of 250 boats. In the harbor the sardine fleet, with its blue nets hung, is a pretty sight. The tuna boats, which may be in harbor during the summer, roam the West African coasts in winter while the lobstermen pry shellfish from the North African seafloor for the tables of France.

That flurry of color and excitement so evident in the ports of the south is missing along the placid north shore. One can admire, albeit without much passion, the beaches romantically called Sables d'Or-les-Pins; or Ploumanach and Perros-Guirec, along the Côte de Granit Rose, popular watering holes for the British. But the terminology is more colorful than the landscape itself, and one looks in vain for the vigor and panache of the southerly ports.

Dinard, touted as a smart resort by the Michelin guide writers, looked in pre-season like nothing so much as Asbury Park, circa 1923. I would sooner cross the bridge to Saint-Malo, that splendid walled city leveled in a 17-day battle in 1944 and rebuilt stone by stone. Once more one can stroll the cobbled streets, promenade in the stiff breezes that whip the walkway atop the ramparts, search for the ghost of Jacques Cartier, who took off to find gold in Newfoundland but discovered the mouth of the St. Lawrence instead, claiming, while he was about it, all Canada for the King of France.

Built on an island that became a walled seaside fortress, Saint-Malo was, in one period of history, a self-ordained city-state. Its swashbucklers flaunted the epigram that, translated, declared, "Neither a Frenchman nor a Breton am I, but a citizen of Saint-Malo."

The seamanship of the city's citizens is renowned, and 200 years ago, its privateers, carrying letters from the King that declared them to be acting on his order, preyed on the ships of Spain, the Netherlands, and England. The city still lives with the sea, which sometimes

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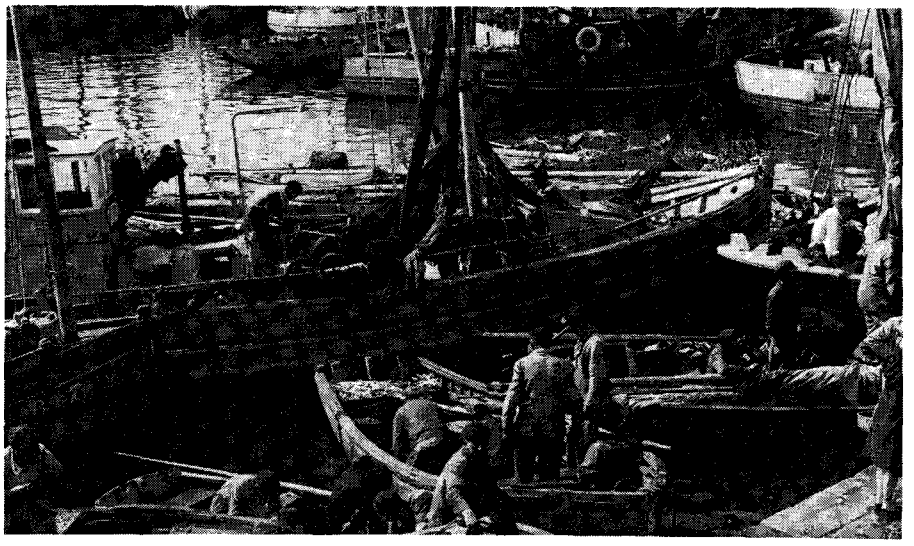

French Government Tourist Office

Concarneau—To West Africa in search of tuna, to Beg-Meil for a lobster.

thunders against its very foundations. It sends its cod-fishing fleet to the banks of the New World, it deals in imports unloaded at its docks, and it provides a safe haven for small sailboats, whose forest of masts stands in the shadow of its rebuilt ramparts.

A statue of Robert Surcouf, the privateer, is a decorative addition to the ramparts, its stone face buffeted by the winds from the sea. But Saint-Malo is romantic, too, revering as well the memory of François-René de Chateaubriand, the youngest of ten children born, in 1768, to a fashionable Saint-Malo family that had fallen on spare times. Dreamer and diplomat and author, Chateaubriand is buried on a peninsula off a Saint-Malo beach, his grave unmarked by his name. At the outbreak of the revolution, Chateaubriand set sail for exotic fields, fetching up, of all places, in Baltimore. Adventuring in America, he traveled with fur traders, visited Niagara Falls, and fraternized with the Indians. His literary times, including the writing of *Les Natchez*, based on his Indian days, were to come later; so, too, was a diplomatic career that took him to Rome, Berlin, and finally, as ambassador, to London. It was his chef who first cut a boneless slice of porterhouse steak and grilled it, giving the gastronomic world the chateaubriand. In France a chunk of butter mixed with parsley and lemon juice rides on top of the steak.

In July and August promenade tours of the ramparts are conducted by guides. Museums, both wax and real, are discreetly hidden away in the elaborate stonework of the city. There one can let one's imagination swirl about Chateaubriand, Surcouf, and La Duchesse Anne. At high noon the famished traveler can storm the attractive restaurant named for the duchess, and, in a cloud of pink tablecloths, attack the delicacies that have been fetched from the sea. The advertised set menu, billed at 28 francs (about $6.00), may not seem a flaming bargain, but that is about the going price in one-star restaurants in these inflated times.

From the docks at Saint-Malo, the fearless peregrinator can head to sea in search of what the French call Les Iles Anglo-Normandes and what the British, whose property they are, call the Channel Islands. It takes 2 hours and 45 minutes to make Jersey on the car-carrying ferries, about half that time on the hydrofoils, which, with characteristic turn of phrase and tongue, the French term *hydroglisseurs*, which is to say, the "water-sliders." □

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(**Letters:** *continued from page 5.*)

As for the specific argument on this point, let me say only that, if Nazism posed any threat to the United States, that threat was not less serious in 1940 than it was in 1941. Jeane Kirkpatrick's statement that Roosevelt issued his "shoot on sight" order in 1940 is totally incorrect. His North Atlantic policy did not take place "in the year-and-a-half before Pearl Harbor" but in the five months before Pearl Harbor, after both the passage of the Lend-Lease Act by Congress and the proclamation by the President of an unlimited national emergency.

Kirkpatrick's facts about Roosevelt are demonstrably wrong, and her assertion that I did not apply the same criteria to Roosevelt and to the post-war Presidents seems to me demonstrably wrong, too. Roosevelt, like Lincoln, confronted an authentic emergency affecting national survival. Truman, Johnson, and Nixon did not. Can she not grasp the distinction?

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
New York, N.Y.

Infinity in Focus

In my opinion, the single short sentence "infinity supplies a stage for inevitability" ("A Rendezvous With Infinity," February 9) constitutes the most important philosophical breakthrough of modern times.

Walt Siegel
Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico

Star-Studded Review

To my recollection, I have *never* purchased a book solely on the recommendation of a reviewer. But two hours after reading Susan Jacoby's review of Studs Terkel's *Working* (*Books,* April 20), I had the cloth edition in hand.

I admit to having read other favorable reviews of this beautiful and sobering book, yet Miss Jacoby's piece seemed by far the best of the lot. Though I have read all of Terkel's work in the past—and quite seriously admire it—I have usually waited for a paperback printing. This time I couldn't wait. And what a well-spent ten dollars. . . . Taken together, all of Terkel's books add up to a striking picture of America and Americans.

Congratulations to Susan Jacoby for her perceptive and sensitive review. And a blessing on Studs Terkel, who must surely have a very big heart.

Steven Osterlund
London, Ontario, Canada

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A Hearing Aid for America

Twenty-odd years ago a discussion on the University of Chicago "Round Table" radio program suggested that Americans are eager to tell the world about themselves but are far less interested in what other nations are doing and saying. They are anxious to talk about themselves but reluctant to listen to what others have to say. The discussion led Robert R. Redfield, then dean of the university's Division of Social Sciences, to ask, "Would it be untactful to suggest that America needs a hearing aid?"

It wasn't long before the dean's question was answered. In January 1955 the Broadcasting Foundation of America (52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017) was founded as an independent, non-profit educational enterprise. Its principal objectives were ". . . to invite nations throughout the world to share their views, arts and music, culture, and traditional materials with the American people via taped radio programs and to establish an international structure for a two-way conversation between them and other nations."

Today BFA is providing a wide range of educational and cultural programs to more than 350 commercial and noncommercial radio stations, as well as universities, libraries, and other educational institutions across the country. And in more limited fashion, it is sharing a view of American popular culture with people of other nations.

News analyses and press reviews are basic to BFA's mission. For instance, one group of 15-minute programs surveys world opinion each week through editorials published in the most influential newspapers in each of a half-dozen countries of Western Europe, India, Israel, Japan, and the Arab world. Local journalists from each country quote and discuss editorial comment, reflecting all shades of opinion on current issues of concern to their own people. Another series of 30-minute news reports and interpretations of events around the world is prepared each week by journalists of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

An International Science Report provides worldwide science news, interviews with international authorities on everything from space travel to natural childbirth, and on-the-scene coverage of leading researchers in their laboratories. A weekly literary review, news of the lively arts, and a travel survey offer similar coverage of their respective fields. New Dimensions of Education explores the many efforts around the world to improve the educational process and to learn more about the way we learn. And music buffs are offered a series of recordings of international music festivals as well as transcriptions of rare operatic recordings and other vocal performances from the first 50 years of the recording industry.

BFA also offers a number of popular domestic programs. These include "Conversations With Studs Terkel"—interviews with figures in the arts, literature, and public affairs; "The Midnight Special," an hour of humor, show tunes, and folk music; and "The Singing Lady," a children's program with Irene Wicker.

Among the numerous other programs that BFA offers, one is notable because it is not available for broadcast. The informal discussions at the weekly meetings of the New York chapter of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences are taped. At the meetings, leaders in the broadcasting field "reveal professional insights, attitudes, and trade secrets not normally disclosed." These tapes are then made available, solely for classroom use, to colleges and universities that offer communications courses.

BFA is a small, self-contained organization that has remained flexible enough to serve a highly fragmented audience. Its clients include individuals and organizations desirous of purchasing a single tape or program series; radio stations that select particular series on a regular basis; and tape libraries, such as those at Syracuse University and the University of Georgia, that acquire virtually every program that is released—and then make them available to other divisions of the university as well as to other organizations in the community.

It is tempting to label BFA merely as a reverse Voice of America, but the enterprise is more than that. As a privately supported, independent institution performing a public service, it is uniquely American. Founded with the assistance of a Rockefeller Foundation grant, it has survived over the years through the support of the Ford and Benton foundations. Today, more than half of BFA's costs are met by subscriber radio stations, but it still must seek support from other foundations and individuals.

We have come a long way from the pervasive isolationism of the Thirties, but as a nation we are still far from achieving a sophisticated awareness of other peoples and an appreciation for their cultures. BFA's invitation to other nations to share with the American people their attitudes, arts, music, and literature has resulted in a most unusual educational and cultural enterprise. It deserves broad public attention and support.

James Cass
Education Editor

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Education

Back From the Brink at Washington Square

Near bankruptcy in 1972 and with a $25 million library a-building, New York University has restructured its academic and financial setup and can today boast of a harnessed budget.

by Roger M. Williams

When the rivers of money stopped flowing into higher education a few years ago, several esteemed institutions nearly died of financial thirst. Columbia University ran up several big deficits in successive years, culminating in a staggering 15.2 million dollars' worth of red ink in 1970–71. The University of Pittsburgh, which had been an aggressive growth institution, foundered so badly that it had to seek state aid and accept semi-public status. Antioch College, caught with large outlays for minority-group scholarships and a national network of "branch campuses," went into a financial decline, from which it still has not recovered. Few, if any, of these schools were as imperiled as New York University. None of them matched the drastic steps taken by NYU to solve its problems—and none has had quicker success in regaining its institutional health.

In 1972, faced with the prospect of what its emergency task force called "the largest and most spectacular financial collapse in the history of American higher education," New York University sold one of its two campuses; gave away its engineering school; left its money-losing School of Social Work to fend for itself; consolidated its two liberal arts schools; dropped some 200 of its 2,200 faculty members; and told its remaining dozen-odd schools, colleges, and institutes that henceforth they would have to justify—and provide for—their own existence. In addition, the university administration effected numerous smaller economies—for instance, moving offices out of costly rental space and consolidating five computer centers into one. The overall result was not merely a heroic belt-tightening, as at neighboring Columbia, but also a restructuring of the entire university and a forced reassessment of its educational mission.

Asked what, by hindsight, happened to his university, NYU president James M. Hester reels off an answer that repetition has committed to his memory: "We were hit by the high cost of paying to operate facilities that came on line just as the government was cutting back funding and as inflation was accelerating. At the same time, we suffered a decline in enrollment, at precisely the stage when we, along with other universities, were greatly increasing our financial aid to disadvantaged minorities." In short, costs rose and income dropped, both sharply; and NYU, which had enjoyed a half-dozen onward-and-upward years under Hester, was threatened with disaster. The problems snowballed so quickly that by 1971 the administration was projecting a single-year deficit of $9 million.

NOW, AS THEN, MANY OBSERVERS of NYU's plight lay a large share of the blame on smooth, affable Jim Hester. He failed almost totally, they say, to foresee the shifting forces that whipsawed his school: not only inflation and the slump in federal funding but also the general drop-off in college enrollments, the rise in quality of his chief competitors, the city and state universities of New York, and New York City's declining image, which made it unattractive to prospective students. Others say that when the downturn began, Hester was the wrong type of president to cope with it. "Hester was made for a situation of growth and expansion," says Dick Netzer, dean of NYU's School of Public Administration and chairman of the emergency task force. "That is his whole personality, his bent." Further, says Netzer, few members of the university community would have listened to warnings of impending trouble: "People don't willingly look over the precipice. It's natural instead to try to cope, to take temporizing steps and to hope for the best."

There is no question that Hester was an expansionist. He committed his rather seedy-looking university to a major building program that had as its crown jewel the most expensive—and perhaps the best—university library in the country. The library is named in honor of Elmer Holmes Bobst, one of Richard

NYU Photo Bureau

Chancellor Sidney Borowitz and President

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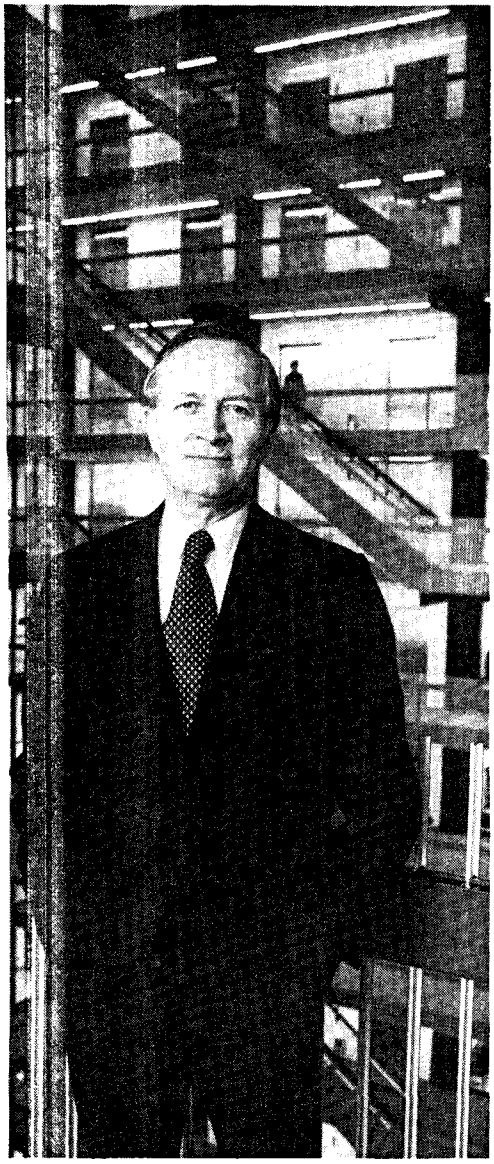

James M. Hester in NYU's new Bobst Library.

Nixon's stoutest financial supporters, and it was James Hester's pet project. Designed in sandstone, with an atrium reaching twelve stories to a skylighted ceiling, the structure was planned at a time when NYU's vistas seemed limitless and when a grand library was not only useful but also a fine bauble to show that one's school had arrived. Then the whipsawing began, and the project encountered an infuriating series of delays. The library wound up costing $25 million—plus a still-rising $3.4 million a year to operate it.* Hester and his associates defend the library, tirelessly and persuasively; yet it stands as an all-too-evident reminder of failures of foresight.

Nor is there any question that Hester upgraded NYU academically. By being more select in the choice of students, he raised the average SAT score of entering freshmen by 100 points. He maintained that improvement while establishing, in 1968, 1.5 million dollars' worth of Martin Luther King scholarships. Essentially for blacks, the scholarship program was part of a broader "community outreach" effort that also included extensive public clinics operated by the university's medical and dental schools. Some critics say Hester attended to community and minority needs to the detriment of the university. "I don't know how an urban institution can be faulted for using the resources of its city and her people," he replies. "Those programs were not responsible for our financial problems. In fact, they were, and are, part of our academic strength."

Whatever his shortcomings in anticipating the crisis, there is broad agreement that Hester has acted forthrightly and successfully in dealing with it. His first important act was appointment of the task force, composed of the vice-chancellor and five deans, whose plain-spoken report became a blueprint for the salvation of the university. The Hester administration ended up adopting almost all of the task-force recommendations, which in theory and in implementation have proved so sound that a break-even budget is anticipated for academic year 1974–75. Chancellor Sidney Borowitz neatly categorizes the deficit reductions: "We got from eight million to four million dollars largely through 'separation' of personnel—for the most part, faculty. And we're going from four million dollars to zero through increasing income and holding onto the gains we've made."

Actually, the first category included radical surgery on the body academic as well as personnel cuts. The 80-year-old University Heights campus, a handsome spread with buildings designed by architect Stanford White, was sold to New York State for use by Bronx Community College; its engineering school, a money-loser in an area over-supplied with engineering schools, was merged with Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute; its college of arts and sciences was blended into the sister college at Washington Square. These steps—combined with appropriate faculty reductions—yielded about $40 million, most of which was immediately used to shore up the university's perilously low unrestricted endowment.

NYU TOOK ONE OTHER MAJOR STEP to cut back expenses. It applied to each of its schools the policy of "every tub on its own bottom." Under this policy, generally identified with Harvard, the schools within a university are basically responsible for their own financial health and cannot look to the administration to bail them out of difficulties. (Only the college of arts and sciences gets a subsidy, which amounts to $1 million a year.) The School of Social Work survived only by pulling in enough "outside" contributions to make itself solvent. "The deans are responsible for their own budgets now," says Chancellor Borowitz, "and that's good. They know where the skeletons are, which courses are worth keeping. Of course, you [in the administration] pay for that—you need to give the deans more control to go with their responsibility." The deans are now called on to put their money where their inclinations are. For example, when they voted recently to establish a university-wide newspaper, they had to agree to share the $80,000 cost.

Roughly 150 faculty and 340 staff positions were eliminated as a result of closing the University Heights campus, and another 50 faculty members were cut from the payroll by lowering the mandatory retirement age from 68 to 65. The latter measure created considerable faculty resentment, which the administration softened by providing generous retirement benefits. The saving in instructional costs was estimated at more than $2 million a year. Also in the instructional area, the administration has mounted a drive to eliminate course duplication and overlap. Although Hester and Borowitz are not attempting to act by fiat in this faculty-sensitive area, they are now requiring that every new course be registered with a vice-chancellor, who publicizes it in order to solicit "overlap" complaints from other instructors.

The second category—cutting the deficit to zero—has been established on the assumption that not much more can be done to substantially reduce costs; in fact, inflation makes it almost certain that overall costs will continue to rise. The emphasis has been shifted to generating income, partly through price increases and partly through salesmanship. After holding undergraduate tuition at $2,700 for the last three years, NYU will increase it to $2,950 next fall—and tack on a $25 "energy surcharge" to defray its spiraling utility bills. The tuition boost will be a financial boon only if it is coupled with sizable increases in undergraduate enrollment, for modestly endowed NYU

*An additional cost: $3.50 per volume to integrate 350,000 volumes from the library at the discontinued campus.

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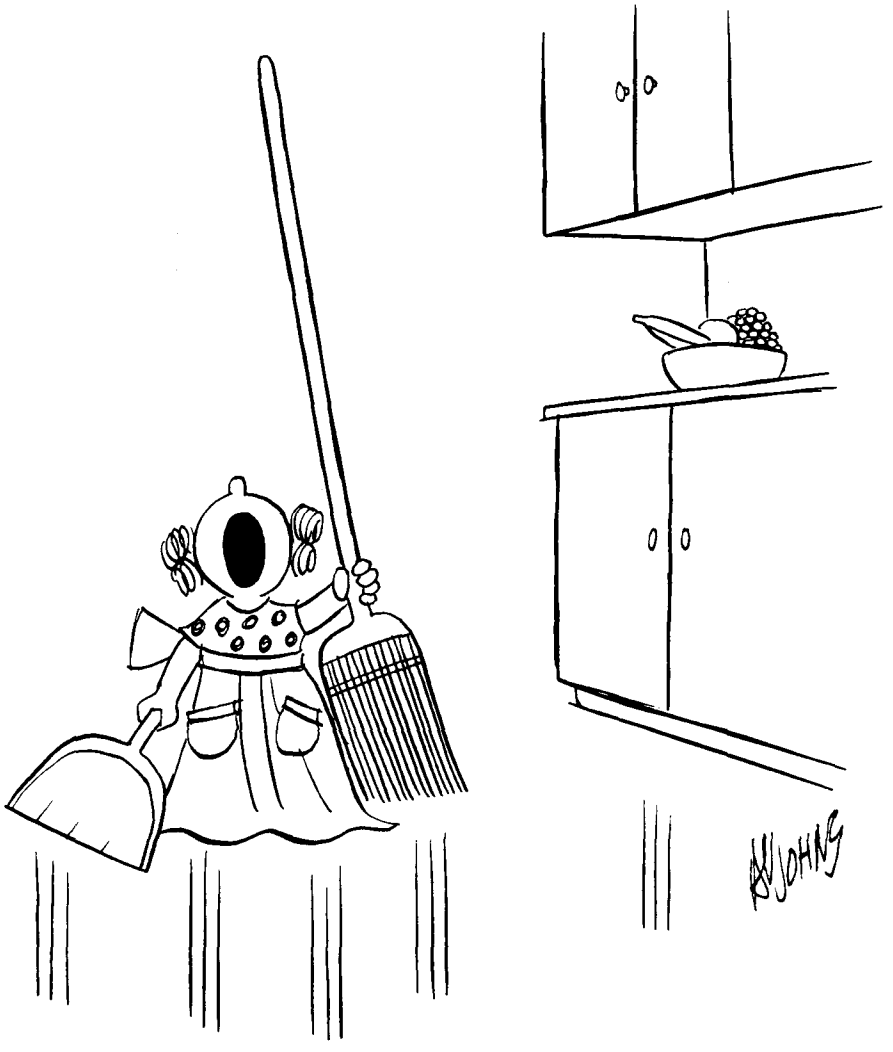
is heavily dependent on the income from tuitions. In the crisis year of 1972, its freshman enrollment at Washington Square dropped to 964—262 paying students fewer than in 1969—while outlays for instruction and services were rising. A principal factor in declining enrollment undeniably was New York City. Once a real help in attracting serious, culturally minded students to NYU, the city in the late Sixties suffered an image tarnishing and became a giant albatross hovering over Washington Square and the uptown campus.

While many would doubt that New York's image is brighter these days, the albatross seems clearly to have left NYU. University officials report a strong upsurge in freshman applications for 1974–75, and they give most of the credit to a more benign outsiders' view of New York as a place to live and study. Perhaps there are more important reasons, but the university is buying that one—to such a degree that it is aggressively "selling" the city in its promotional literature. NYU brochures now depict students in unmistakably big-city settings, and the copy includes such startling come-ons as, "If you want to study the best of man and his works, there is a place for you that is like no other . . . New York." The image, the sales pitch, or something, is working so well that students from beyond the metropolitan area now account for almost one-fifth of the university's enrollment, their portion before the decline began.

To augment this increase in tuition income, President Hester is struggling to get larger appropriations of state aid. The focus is on what New York State calls "Bundy money," legislative appropriations apportioned to private institutions according to how many degrees they award. NYU received about $8 million in Bundy money last year. Hester is properly grateful for that, but he argues that NYU deserves still-larger amounts of public funds because of its impact on the state. Two of his favorite pieces of ammunition are that more than 60 percent of the dentists practicing in New York State are alumni of NYU's College of Dentistry and that the university's Brookdale Dental Center operates the largest clinic in the nation. (NYU is gearing up a big lobbying effort to secure funds for new facilities to replace the run-down ones now occupied by the dental college. The effort was recently given an unwitting boost by an American Dental Association report that ranks the college only "provisionally approved," largely because of its deficient physical condition.)

The third component of the attempt to increase income is a $300-million fund-raising campaign (second in size only to Yale's $370-million drive), which will run through 1981. For NYU, this is the third trip to the fund-raising well in the past ten years. Only about one dollar out of each seven will go for construction; the rest is earmarked for so-called people programs.

A mere two years after it hit bottom, New York University has the look and feel of a stable institution. An unruly budget is back in harness. The university's strongest components—the law school, the business school, the institutes of fine arts and mathematics—are as strong as ever. Faculty morale is sufficiently high that a massive effort at unionization failed in elections last November and January. And enough spare change is around to provide president, chancellor, and various subordinates with commodious, well-appointed new offices in the Bobst Library. Without question, long-range problems remain for NYU. But Chancellor Borowitz, relaxing in what he calls "the living room" section of his huge office, points out that "they are the general problems of private higher education." NYU is proud—and relieved—to be sharing them again. □



"Okay, Mom, I've done all the nooks. Now what's a cranny?"

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 51

STEPHEN (M.) JOSEPH: CHILDREN IN FEAR

We've just begun to learn that the function of the brain is to solve problems, and that this whole idea of good and bad is a mistaken theory that the brain developed in trying to learn what a human being is, what we need, and how we function.

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Chas Gerretsen: Gamma

President of Chile's new ruling junta, Gen. Augusto Pinochet (center)—After four decades of democracy.

After the Coup: A Latin American How-To

As old-school officers of the armed forces take over Chile, the think tank-trained ruling military of Brazil and Peru wonder why the Chileans didn't educate themselves to govern.

by Fay Haussman

Santiago, Chile

The right-wing military in Brazil these days look at their colleagues in Chile with skepticism, if not outright disapproval. "This is no way to organize a coup," is a criticism frequently heard in discussions about the overthrow of the Allende government last September in one of Latin America's bloodiest *golpes*. "After all this violence, how will they be able to govern effectively? The Chilean military must have been badly prepared."

Comments by the left-wing military in Peru, surprisingly, are far more tolerant: "How else could they have done it? Chile was totally infiltrated by foreign Communists. Let's hope they succeed in straightening out the country."

Whatever the attitude among the military in Brazil and Peru, there is a kind of visceral certainty that Chile, a country with a democratic tradition unmatched elsewhere in Latin America, will need a military government of unforeseeable duration—assuming that the Chilean military will indeed be able to run their country. And here, in spite of their professional empathy with their Chilean colleagues, the Brazilian and Peruvian military sound more than a little supercilious. "We prepared ourselves to govern a long time ago," they say. "But the Chileans?"

How the Brazilian and Peruvian brass went about preparing themselves to govern is a story of education at a very sophisticated level.

THE BRAZILIAN MILITARY came to power by a relatively bloodless coup ten years ago. A government of both military and civilian specialists, the regime has maintained control over the country through the relentless repression of any possible

Fay Haussman is a free-lance writer who has written widely on Latin America.

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dissidence and has legitimized its authoritarian rule by claiming credit for Brazil's spectacular economic success.

The regime has emphasized production, development, sovereignty, and security as central to the welfare of the nation—thus reflecting a doctrine elaborated at Brazil's *Escola Superior de Guerra* (ESG), in Rio de Janeiro, an educational institution comparable to our War College. It is there that the Brazilian military have "prepared themselves to govern," and invariably they point to the advanced research studies of economic and social issues that many of those now in influential government positions made while students at ESG. On the other hand, the military wince if a visitor jumps to the conclusion that ESG is instrumental in formulating Brazilian policies, for it has never had an official role in policymaking.

But ESG is much more than a military training ground for senior officers of exceptional promise. It might, in fact, be called a national think tank. Only a third of its 100-odd students are senior officers in the armed forces. The others are top-level civilians from private industry, members of congress, diplomats, lawyers, economists, university professors, and journalists. All of the students are middle-aged people in positions of power, who must be university graduates. In 1973 ESG admitted two women as students, both of them university professors. This was a revolutionary innovation for Latin America.

Edgar Moura: Gamma

New Brazilian President, Gen. Ernesto Geisel (left), with outgoing President, Gen. Garrastazu Medici—Sophisticated training for the best and the brightest.

THE SCHOOL'S avowed mission is to "prepare civilians and military to perform executive and advisory functions, especially in those agencies responsible for the planning and execution of Brazil's national security." The concept of "national security" has come a long way in the 25 years since ESG was organized. National defense, which was formerly restricted to purely military affairs, has evolved into a new concept of national security closely linked to "development."

Its stress on a wide range of development studies makes ESG today different from its original model, the U.S. National War College, in Washington. Military affairs, logistical affairs, and mobilization—particularly to fight guerrilla wars and subversion—are part of the ten-month curriculum. But the primary focus is on political science, economics, psychology, and sociology, with special emphasis on teamwork, in interdisciplinary studies of crucial national problems, such as land reform, housing, and the legal system. Copies of the research reports are usually passed on to the different government agencies.

"Our graduates are an elite who have learned to tackle problems in an interprofessional manner," a senior staff member at ESG said with obvious pride. But reactions elsewhere sometimes differ. "We do not accept," went a press comment a few years ago, "that an officer, however gifted he may be, should think that because he has broadened his knowledge of economics, politics, sociology, and demography at ESG, he is now qualified to substitute for university-graduate specialists in these areas. And this, unfortunately, is happening more and more."

But despite reservations in some quarters concerning its role, ESG has been enormously influential.

THE NATIONAL WAR COLLEGES, installed after World War II by most Latin American nations for their military officers, reflected the value that the military placed on education—a scarce and expensive commodity in their societies and a privilege, accessible for a long time, only to the upper classes. In Peru, particularly, promotion came to be linked with academic achievement in the staff schools, and *coronels*, for example, were expected to have a solid grounding in such

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non-professional studies as economics, sociology, international politics, and institutional law. By 1959 Peru's national war college, the *Centro de Altos Estudios Militares* (CAEM), in Chorrillos, near Lima, saw as its primary mission the study of "national well-being, which is the purpose of national defense." And military knowledge of civilian affairs soon was translated into the desire to "collaborate in the affairs of state," often so ineptly managed by the politicians.

In 1965 Peru's military were suddenly faced with rural guerrilla fronts operating in the Andes. Even though the guerrillas were totally wiped out within a few months, the Peruvian military considered their country to be in a period of "latent insurgency." As a result, the urgency of Peru's appalling social and economic problems, which the military clearly saw as the root of the country's internal unrest, led to the overthrow of the well-intentioned, but ineffective, Belaúnde government in 1968 and to the installation of a military regime pledged to "developing the national potential."

While the objectives, methods, and participants of Peru's CAEM are very much like those of Brazil's ESG, there is a difference in basic thrust. ESG and its doctrine were created by officers who had been with Brazil's expeditionary forces (FEB) in Italy in World War II. Their admiration for American know-how and efficiency was later partly responsible for Brazil's open-door policy toward foreign, and particularly U.S., investment. In sharp contrast, practically the first action taken by Peru's military junta in 1968 was the nationalization of the U.S.-owned International Petroleum Company; this act was followed by a series of nationalist and social policies based on CAEM doctrine.

"General well-being is possible only if we eliminate all obstacles, inside and outside," is the way Gen. Arturo Cavero, one of CAEM's recent directors, explains this doctrine. "That means development policies for which we need elbow room. In other words, freedom of action and control over our resources. Obviously, this includes the fight for our rights to the two-hundred-mile offshore limit, to preserve our sovereignty over vital fishing waters. And as our conditions change, CAEM's field of research changes, too. We have the National Planning Institute, but we need facts in order to plan. We get most of the facts from CAEM."

Things in Chile are quite different. Three years ago a group of Chilean army officers was in Lima for a meeting of the Latin American military. According to an observer, the Chileans walked out of one discussion when it turned to questions of national policy and planning. "That is none of our business," they said. "In Chile, we let the civilians handle that kind of thing."

Shortly after the Chilean army fought an external war against Peru and Bolivia in the 1880s, it was reorganized on the Prussian model by a German general who later became chief of staff. Its orientation became that of a purely professional organization, concerned solely with military affairs and avoiding other involvement in the national life. To be sure, economic and political crises triggered a series of military interventions after 1924, but by October 1932 the civilian government was firmly re-established, and it retained control of the country until the fall of 1973. Thus, the military had kept out of affairs of state for more than four decades. However, they do exude the conviction that they will be able to manage the country now. "Believe us, we are well prepared," they say. "We have learned it all in our schools but have never had occasion to use it." And then they invoke the standard professional credo: "We are able because we have discipline and because we are apolitical."

CURRICULA in the upper-echelon military academies show that Chilean officers learn about such subjects as sociology, psychology, economics, and political science. The *Curso de Alto Mando* ("High Command Course"), for top-level officers and a sprinkling of civilian government officials, has now expanded into a six-month program. Its non-military segment covers a wide range of political and economic topics, but solely as subjects for academic study, not as issues for policy research or programs for national development. Unquestionably, higher education in Chile's military institutions was far less sophisticated than that in the universities. One of the moves for which Salvador Allende's own followers reproached him most bitterly was his effort to have the universities organize special post-graduate courses for military officers, in economics, sociology, technology, and engineering.

Criticism today tends to show that the training that the armed services are bringing to their new jobs consists mainly of professional military virtues—discipline, orderliness, corporate spirit. In addition, they display a radical nationalism and an outdated cold-war mythology in support of their avowed intent to "extirpate the cancer of Marxism" from Chilean life.

Everything that contributes to *concientización* ("political consciousness-raising"), which is now viewed as the chief culprit for past disorders, must be weeded out. Professional schools have been ordered to eliminate texts and discussions with "conscientizing contents" from classes in "Spanish, philosophy, and problems of contemporary society." The universities, now under military control, have eliminated social-science chairs whenever possible, because of the military's deep-seated distrust of social science and of its practitioners.

Ironically, it was Salvador Allende who recognized the widespread frustration among Chile's military officers because they were isolated from participation in national affairs and felt marginalized and useless. In one of his moves to court military support for his policies and the stabilization of his government, Allende appointed a number of high-command members to leading posts in key industries. But on the whole, and until nearly a year before the coup, the military kept to their barracks and watched with increasing disgust the growing disorders and disruptions of Chile's polity and economy. One could speculate, belatedly, that the Prussian code of Chile's army officers, which dates back to the turn of the century, should have been recognized by the Chileans as far more than a faintly amusing relic, long before it engulfed them. □

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Last night I dreamed of Mary Tyler Moore. It was Saturday night, and I'd watched her on television; so it's not surprising that she should be wandering around in my dreams and probably those of a few thousand other red-blooded American men and boys. There was no hanky-panky in my dream. The theme was not sex, but sexism. I'm sure this will strike some people as strange, and, in fact, I'm not sure my wife believed me when I told her this is all Mary and I did together, but—word of honor—this is how it went: I said, "Mary, when you were a little girl in school and the teacher said, 'I want everyone to take out his notebook,' did it bother you that she [notice that I assumed the teacher was female] didn't say *'her* notebook' or *'his or her* notebook'?" Mary Tyler Moore said, "Yes, it did. It really did," and she started sobbing. "It was awful!" I put my hand gently on her cheek and said, "There, there, Mary. We'll think of something."

A peculiar dream, but it was a natural blend of the Mary Tyler Moore Show and a couple of years of thinking about this problem of everyone's doing his own thing rather than his or her own thing.

It never would have occurred to me that this was a problem had it not been for the New Feminism. I'd always assumed, as I guess most men have, that the masculine pronoun was the obvious one to use for *everyone* and *anyone*. But lots of women have felt both left out and put out by the custom, so the search for a new all-purpose pronoun has begun. I've received dozens of letters suggesting things like *en* and *es* ("If anyone asks for this, let en have it"; "I want everyone to take out es notebook") and *himmer* and *hisher,* which at first sound silly, but after a few repetitions sound abominable. My personal preference is still *him* and *his*. Like millions of other men, I favor equal rights and equal pay for women, but I think if we ever change the subtle little rules that are rigged in favor of men, there goes the ball game.

In the Romance languages, the possessive pronoun takes the gender not of the possessor but of the thing possessed: *Elle prend* son *livre*. But they have their sexism in other ways. Several feminine things in France, for instance, are *elles,* but mixed company is *ils*. The masculine element dominates. I'm not sure how the French will solve this dilemma, but I think they'll say *"Quel dilemme?"* and leave well enough alone.

We, on the other hand, will undoubtedly come up with something new.

The best suggestion I've received was sent to *SR/W* by Amanda J. Smith, of Durham, N.C., who nominates *they, them,* and *their*. She says they should be recognized as having "a singular as well as the present plural meaning."

Her argument is well reasoned. It says, in part, "The stellar advantage of using *they* in the singular is that in many forms this construction is already widely used. Indeed, English teachers exert themselves to *stop* students from saying, 'Everyone should hang up *their* coat.' The prevalence of this usage, incidentally, shows that plainfolks as well as feminists feel a need for an impersonal pronoun. Because 'their,' in this sense, is already common, this construction would be far more readily accepted than a strange new word, and it is simpler than *his or her*.

"In short, 'Did any camper forget their lunch?' may be ungrammatical, but it is clear and solves a real problem. Indeed, the grammar of the thing is its chief disadvantage, for we who love the language will find our ears offended. However, there is a precedent for such a shift of meaning. The pronoun *you* was originally plural only (thou art, singular; you are, plural). Thus, bolstered by precedent, we as grammarians and guardians of the mother tongue could agree that this adaptation is needed, valid, and therefore correct!"

Ms. Smith has a point. More than half the English-speaking people in the world are women, and if being referred to, even obliquely, by a masculine pronoun offends a substantial number of women, some linguistic innovation is inevitable.

I think the most sensible solution would be for women to accept *he, him,* and *his* as both masculine and neuter pronouns, and therefore less specific and weaker than the very definite *she, her,* and *hers,* but this seems to be too emotional an area for anything so simple.

Offensive as it is to the sensitive ear, "Everyone should hang up their coat" is preferable to junk like *en, es, himmer,* and *hisher*. □

"Sorry, I can only stay overnight."

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 24): testa, taste, state, teats.

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 20): Self-sacrifice enables us to sacrifice other people without blushing.

Shaw

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Double-Crostic No. 52

by Thomas H. Middleton

		1 S	2 A	3 J	4 B	5 C	6 Y	7 T		8 Y	9 H	10 F		11 Z	12 M	13 I							
	14 L	15 P	16 S	17 A		18 F	19 X	20 U	21 B	22 R	23 J	24 W		25 N	26 Y								
27 R	28 T	29 P	30 C	31 Y		32 X		33 W	34 B	35 Q		36 F	37 X	38 A		39 S							
40 V		41 R	42 K	43 U	44 M		45 Y	46 C	47 T	48 F	49 A		50 R	51 P		52 C							
53 X	54 D	55 Q	56 R		57 M	58 A	59 W	60 F	61 K		62 C	63 U	64 B	65 P	66 W								
67 U		68 F	69 Z'		70 Q	71 D	72 W		73 K	74 E	75 H	76 Z	77 I		78 J	79 Z'							
80 O		81 K	82 F	83 Q	84 L	85 Y	86 D	87 N		88 B	89 Z'		90 Z	91 U	92 O	93 X							
94 V	95 R	96 D	97 T	98 N		99 I	100 W		101 K	102 V	103 O	104 S		105 M	106 B	107 P							
108 Z	109 R		110 H	111 O	112 E	113 Y	114 N	115 G	116 R		117 T		118 S	119 B		120 E							
121 X	122 R	123 L	124 W		125 I	126 G	127 H	128 X		129 V	130 N		131 N	132 Y	133 B	134 Z							
135 U	136 S	137 E	138 L		139 Z'	140 J		141 S		142 C	143 B	144 F	145 S	146 G	147 L								
148 Z'	149 K		150 J	151 F		152 X	153 R	154 V		155 H	156 Z		157 O	158 Y	159 P	160 B							
161 R		162 G	163 Z'	164 M	165 J	166 S		167 L	168 E	169 H	170 K	171 X	172 O										

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. American painter (1847–1917; *Toilers of the Sea*)	2 17 38 49 58
B. Faultless; not liable to sin	64 119 133 143 4 21 34 88 106 160
C. English poet (1731–1800; *The Task*)	30 52 62 142 5 46
D. Whet; sharpen	54 71 86 96
E. Michael Caine character	120 168 74 112 137
F. Unoriginal; conventional (comp.)	144 10 36 48 151 18 60 68 82
G. Arab sailing vessel of the Arabian, east African, and Indian coasts	115 126 146 162
H. Incident	169 75 110 127 155 9
I. English dramatist (1674–1718; *Jane Shore*)	77 99 125 13
J. Put into an irritable mood	150 3 78 140 23 165
K. Out of line (2 wds.)	73 81 149 170 42 61 101
L. Display; reveal	123 147 167 14 84 138
M. Establish communication with	164 44 57 105 12
N. Laminated, or foliated, metamorphic rock	87 114 131 25 98 130

CLUES	WORDS
O. Apparatus for representing the motions and phases of the planets, satellites, etc., in the solar system	157 80 92 103 111 172
P. Seaport of Western South Korea	29 51 65 159 107 15
Q. River of Northamptonshire, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire	35 55 70 83
R. Followed by WORD S: T.S. Eliot's poem about "a Bravo Cat, who lived upon a barge"	95 161 122 27 22 41 50 153 109 56 116
S. See WORD R (2 wds.)	16 118 166 1 145 136 141 104 39
T. Temper; anger	47 97 117 7 28
U. Low-quality art or literature catering to popular taste	43 67 91 20 135 63
V. Short final stanza of a poem (as of a ballade)	154 94 102 40 129
W. Time done up the river	24 72 100 59 124 33 66
X. Moslem traveler and explorer (ca. 1304?–78?; 2 wds.)	32 121 37 171 152 53 19 128 93
Y. Shrewish woman	132 8 26 158 31 85 6 45 113
Z. Present and perfect, for instance	11 76 156 90 134 108
Z'. "Have you ever heard the wind go '_____'?" (Field, "The Night Wind")	89 69 79 139 148 163

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 51* appears on page 36.

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(Continued from page 7.)

However, such a return to the old strategy would at least require no new round in the technological arms race.

But the new counterforce posture means much more than that. It means more and better nuclear missiles, with greater accuracy and more maneuverability in order that they will be sure to avoid defenses and be able to land exactly on target. And what assurance is there that, in the cataclysmic horror of nuclear war, either side would be content to abide by the artificiality of such nuclear dueling and refrain from wiping out cities? Certainly, the possibilities of a nuclear attack as a result of accident, miscalculation, or mad intent would be increased. Why should the Russians be content to play this form of "American roulette"?

The dubious benefits that might follow from a revival of the discredited counterforce idea are, then, far outweighed by the assured disadvantages. If the United States embarks on this course, the Soviet Union will do likewise—as it has done with all previous American military innovations. Thus the only certain result would be the triggering of another expensive, and perhaps destabilizing, round in the nuclear-arms race.

A much better idea would be for both sides to phase out all their land-based nuclear missiles. These invite a preemptive attack, are vulnerable to such a first strike, and are therefore de-stabilizing and obsolescent. A phase-out of this kind was recently proposed by the Federation of American Scientists; it received the general approval of Fred Iklé, director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. But, to no one's surprise, the Pentagon is not very enthusiastic about the idea.

Reasons, old or new, for continuing the arms race and crushing military expenses are easily invented, discovered, and periodically rediscovered. Social programs are starved while the military ones proliferate like an uncontrollable cancer. Somehow military establishments all over the world find persuasive pretexts for upping their budgets. To take the United States: in the Fifties there was the evanescent bomber gap; when the Soviet Union launched the first *Sputnik* in October 1957, the Pentagon promptly discovered the missile gap. Early in the Sixties the cry went up for underground shelters, and by the end of that decade a "thin" defense, and then a "thick" defense, of anti-ballistic missiles was being hailed as the way to survive a nuclear attack.

There never was a bomber gap or a missile gap. Underground shelters and anti-ballistic missile defenses were useless—even worse, they were tranquilizing fantasies. All of these inventions were genuinely phony.

"Agreements . . . seem to be designed, not to halt or reverse the arms race, but rather to allow it to continue in relative security."

At sea, as on land, military hardware has been having a field day. With submarine-launched nuclear missiles we have progressed (if that is the appropriate word) from Polaris to Poseidon and now toward Trident. In fairly quick succession we went from multiple re-entry vehicles (MRVs) to multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles (MIRVs) with as many as fourteen warheads on one missile. Now we are moving toward a third-generation maneuverable re-entry vehicle, to be known as MARV.

There seems to be no limit to the fertile imaginations of military-industrial or military-bureaucratic scientists. American scientists seem to have the edge in technology and to lead the way in developing new weapons, particularly in the nuclear field, but Soviet scientists follow close behind in the action-reaction chain. In this regard there is a remarkable symmetry between the United States and the Soviet Union. Only in arms control and disarmament, in finding ways and means of stopping the inexorable arms race, do imaginations seem to lose their fertility; in fact, sterility is compounded by impotence. But there is a noticeable asymmetry (a word much beloved by the military in describing presumed inferiority in any military arm or area) between the Americans and the Russians. The Russians find it easier to take the initiative and to come up with one disarmament proposal after another. Granted that all of the proposals seem to benefit the military posture of the Soviet Union; a disarmament proposal that is not to the advantage of the proposer is a rare thing indeed. The real rationale and importance of negotiations is to turn a one-sided proposal into an agreement that is mutually advantageous. Were this not possible, then none of the existing arms-control agreements and treaties would have been achieved. But far more proposals are destroyed by simple rejection or permitted to die from lack of consideration than are amended, improved, and transformed into serious subjects of negotiation.

The paradox of the spiraling arms race is all the more puzzling because of the recent improvement in the international climate and the fact that a number of arms-control negotiations—multilateral, regional, and bilateral—are now taking place.

The Conference of the Committee on Disarmament (CCD) in Geneva is discussing an underground test ban and a treaty for the elimination of chemical weapons. At Vienna talks are underway for achieving the mutual reduction of forces and armaments in Central Europe. Another conference on security and cooperation in Europe is now going on at Geneva. And the resumed SALT II negotiations are seeking agreement on the limitation and the reduction of offensive strategic nuclear missiles.

What is most discouraging about the outlook for the future is that *if the negotiations in all of the above conferences are to be successful* (an eventuality much to be desired), *the technological and qualitative arms race and the massive military expenditures* will probably continue to escalate. The agreements already achieved and those now being negotiated seem to be designed, not to halt or reverse the arms race, but rather to allow it to continue in *relative* security.

THE PROBLEM should be met head on, not by interminable debate about limiting or reducing specific weapons and the number of troops, but by cutting military budgets. The big two—the United States and the USSR—should take the lead. Next should come the three other nuclear powers, followed by all the NATO and Warsaw Pact countries, and eventually by all countries. It would not even be necessary to specify how and where military budgets should be cut; it would be better to leave it to the individual countries to decide in which sectors they would carry out the agreed reductions. Each country would, no doubt, regard itself as the best judge of *where* and *how* to apply or cut its funds; it will be difficult enough to get them to agree on *whether* and *by how much*.

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In the past the Western powers were always concerned about how to ascertain the contents of the Soviet military budget and how to verify any Soviet budget cuts. Nevertheless, in 1963–64 both the United States and the USSR carried out budget reductions, not by agreement, but unilaterally by what Khrushchev called "the policy of mutual example" and the Americans called "reciprocal unilateral acts." And there were no charges of bad faith by either side.

Moreover, times *have* changed, not only with respect to the international climate but also regarding verification of any agreement for mutual reductions. The great powers now have a much better knowledge of each other's economic systems and technologies and have developed new techniques of economic monitoring. In the last few years advances in satellite surveillance and telecommunications monitoring have been truly remarkable. They are sufficient to alert each side to any significant changes in the other side's activities. And the secret intelligence-gathering agencies provide an additional deterrent or alert to any contemplated evasions. It is noteworthy that U.S. intelligence sources confidently reported last fall that the Soviet Union had spent the equivalent of $45 billion on manned space flight since the program started 15 years ago, compared with $25 billion spent by the United States. The Soviet space program and budget are no less secret than its military budget.

Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko proposed in the U.N. General Assembly last fall that the five permanent members of the Security Council (the five nuclear powers) reduce their military budgets next year by 10 percent and that a portion (10 percent) of the savings be used for helping the developing countries. This reduction would leave 90 percent of the savings for domestic purposes. Since these five countries are responsible for about three-quarters of the total of world military expenditures, the reduction, although a modest 10 percent to begin with, would be more than $15 billion.

THE DEVELOPING and Third-World countries, of course, supported the idea, and it was approved by the General Assembly by an overwhelming vote of 83 in favor, 2 against, and 38 abstentions. China was hostile to the proposal, calling it fraudulent and hypocritical, and voted against it together with its ally, Albania. The United States, together with Britain and France and their NATO allies, abstained; they regarded the proposal as a Soviet propaganda move and as an attempt to isolate China.

The Mexican ambassador, Alfonso Garcia Robles, one of the best and most dedicated of the "old disarmament hands," recognized that the Soviet proposal would remain a dead letter, so he presented a new proposal. He requested that Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim set up an international group of experts to carry out a study on reducing the military budgets of the five nuclear powers and of other states "with a major economic and military potential," and on using part of the funds saved for aiding the developing countries. One would have thought that a proposal for an impartial *study* of these questions would have been able to rally unanimous approval. The Mexican resolution did in fact get more support than the Soviet one did—93 votes in favor, 2 against, and 26 abstentions. China again was negative. But what was more surprising was the fact that the United States and its allies abstained, though in the past they had always supported impartial studies.

Ambassador William Schaufele, speaking for the United States, explained that he could not support the Soviet proposal. Why? Because, he said, there was, first, no common standard for comparing the military budgets of different states. Second, there was no system for verification of the budget cuts. And third, the United States opposed linking additional development aid to a reduction in defense budgets. Schaufele agreed that the Mexican proposal was otherwise a non-controversial procedural resolution. But he thought some of the paragraphs in the preamble added an element of contention and an exaggerated sense of urgency by describing the question as one of "urgent necessity." They created, he felt, a distinction between the five permanent members of the Security Council and other militarily significant states. And they implied a linkage between development aid and budget cuts. All of these arguments are, of course, themselves arguable, and they were rejected by the great majority of countries. It may also be of some significance that the United States made no attempt to move any amendments to the Mexican proposal.

Nonetheless, the United States did say it would cooperate with the study and would nominate an expert to participate —on the assumption that the group of experts would "examine carefully the various issues involved . . . and that the Secretary-General would request member states to provide data necessary to make that examination meaningful."

In order to ensure that the study is successful and can lead to action, the superpowers must play fair and approach the task with a real will to succeed. The Americans, for their part, must not block progress by placing undue stress on the technical difficulties of ascertaining or verifying what exactly is included in the Soviet military budget. And the Russians must not use their penchant for secrecy and their fears of divulging military information as excuses to abort the study. With serious effort by both sides, the study *can* show the way to begin grappling with the problem of military expenditures and thus with the arms race. □

" 'Sacrifice, sacrifice.' You're always calling on others to sacrifice."

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(**Film:** *continued from page 25.*)

has been so drastic as to be nightmarish. With *That's Entertainment!* MGM, rather ironically, celebrates its fiftieth anniversary—ironically, because the studio has ground to a halt and United Artists is doing its distribution. Maybe, like me, you'll shed a regretful tear while you laugh with the past.

CONSIDERABLY LESS ENTERTAINING is the Peter Bogdanovich exploration of the past in his production of *Daisy Miller*, based on the Henry James short novel about a wealthy American girl, taking the grand European tour with her mother and small brother and running afoul of Continental "society." Anyone who tackles the Jamesian subtleties on film deserves sympathy and a certain amount of respectful attention, but Bogdanovich's motive, by his own admission, appears to be less that of homage to James and his writing than to young Cybill Shepherd, whose name (I seem to remember) has been linked with his in more than a professional capacity.

In some Paramount publicity material I came across the following: "Bogdanovich explains that he decided to make the film because 'on re-reading the book, it seemed to me that Henry James had Cybill in mind when he wrote it. I thought, if James had gone to all the trouble to write this story for Cybill, the least I could do was to film it.' " Bogdanovich is young, and one of these days he'll probably learn that directors just shouldn't make statements of that kind, kiddingly or not. A viewing of the film makes it utterly clear that James couldn't possibly have had anyone like Miss Shepherd in mind. And it also might have been wiser to first check on whether she had the requisite acting ability.

Clearly, to put it in the kindest light, she doesn't. She comes out vapid and silly, instead of naive, headstrong, and poignant, and, lacking a solid core, the film dissipates into a stiff and unabsorbing little period piece, not at all enlivened by the attention Bogdanovich pays to some faded European watering and tourist spots, as though he himself has been naively dazzled by the wonders of Europe. The accomplished Cloris Leachman plays Daisy's mother in the film a bit too studiedly, and Barry Brown as Frederick, Daisy's snobbish admirer, looks tired rather than effete throughout. No, it doesn't work, not at all, and I do get restive and irritable when good material is wasted in this way. □

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